THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Franklin

JAN. 9, 1909

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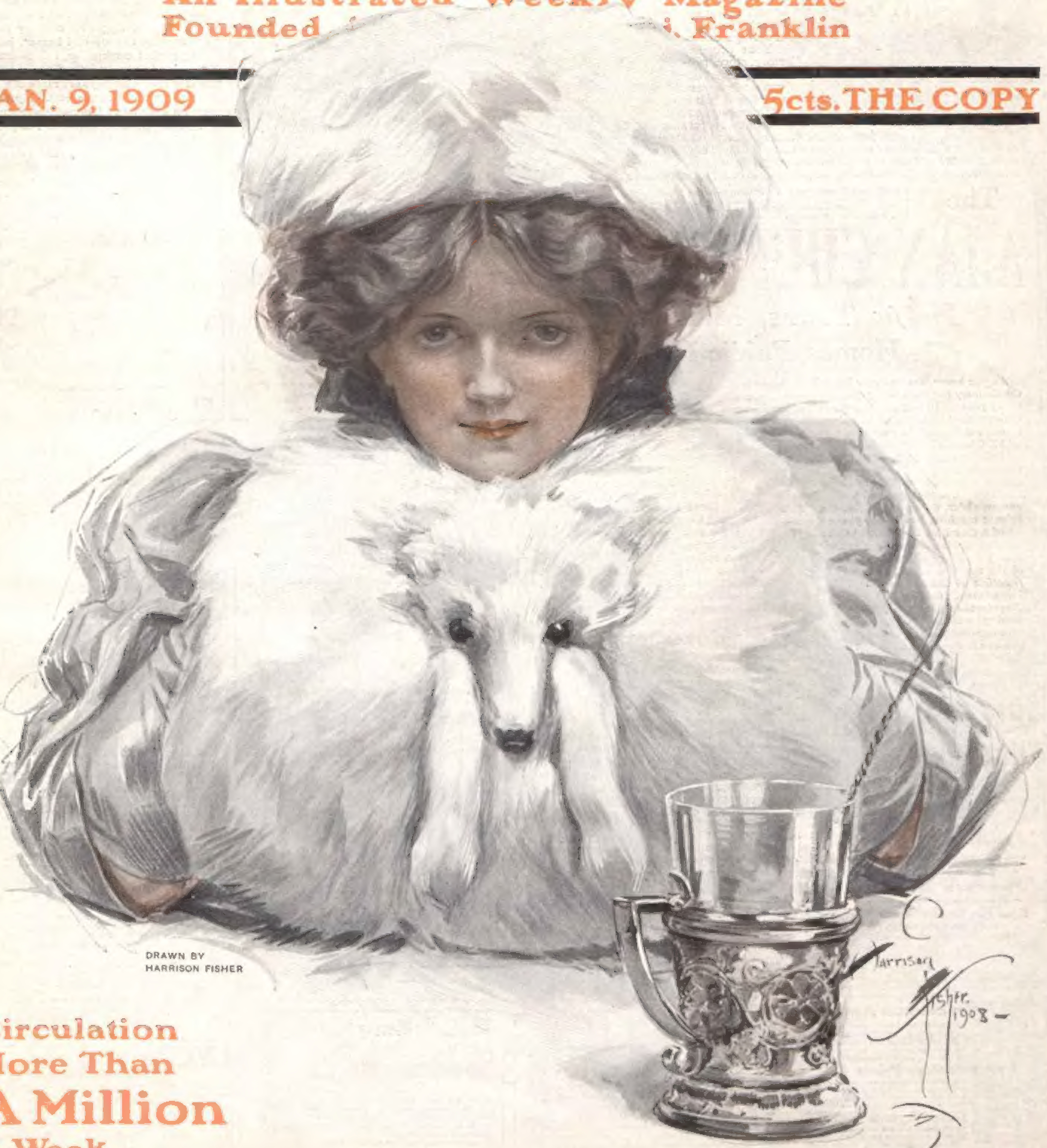

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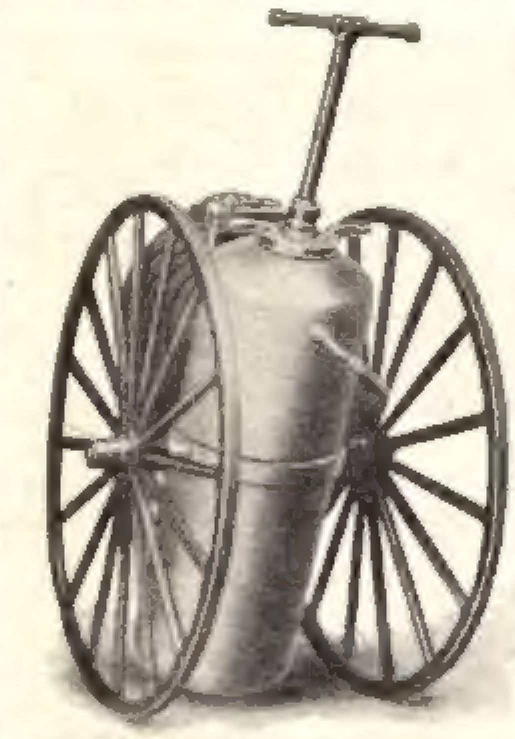

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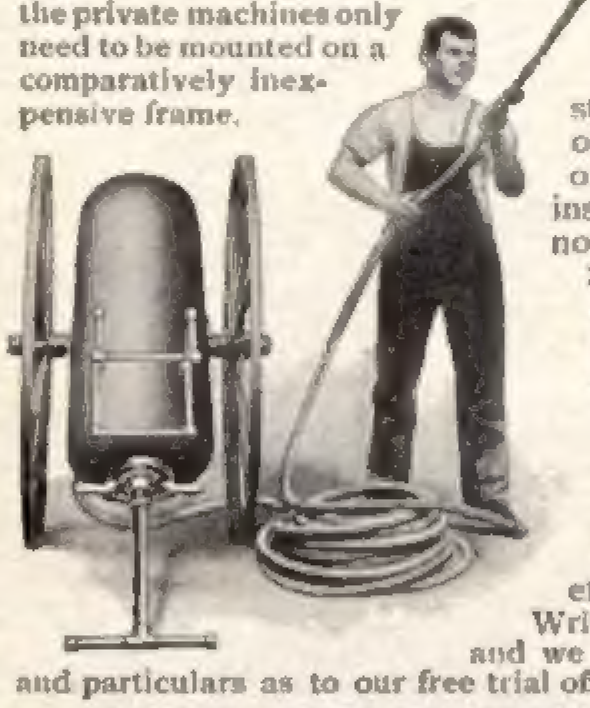

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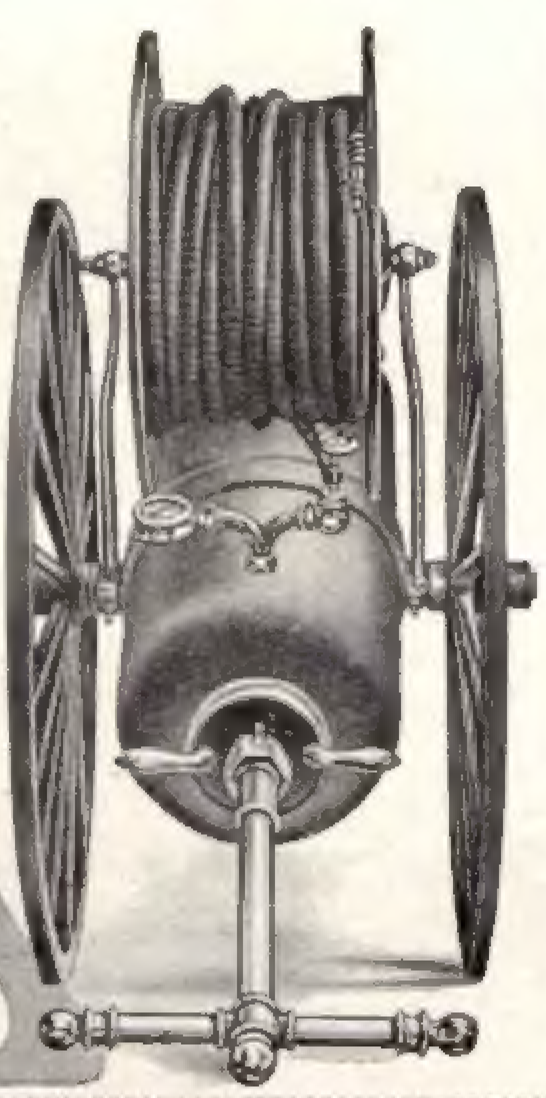

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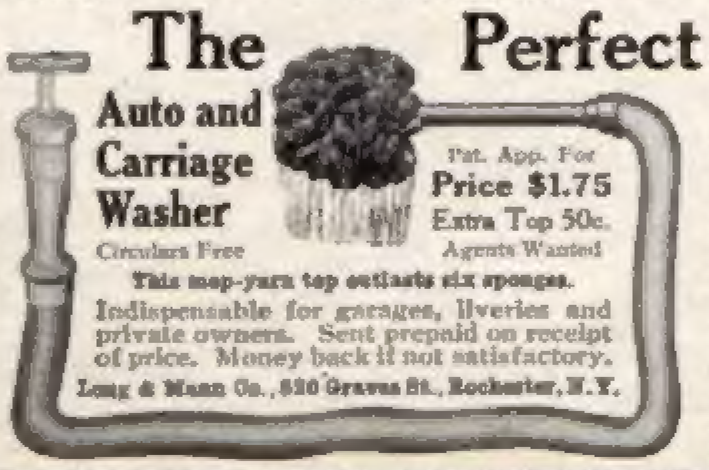

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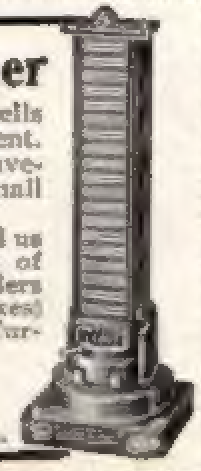

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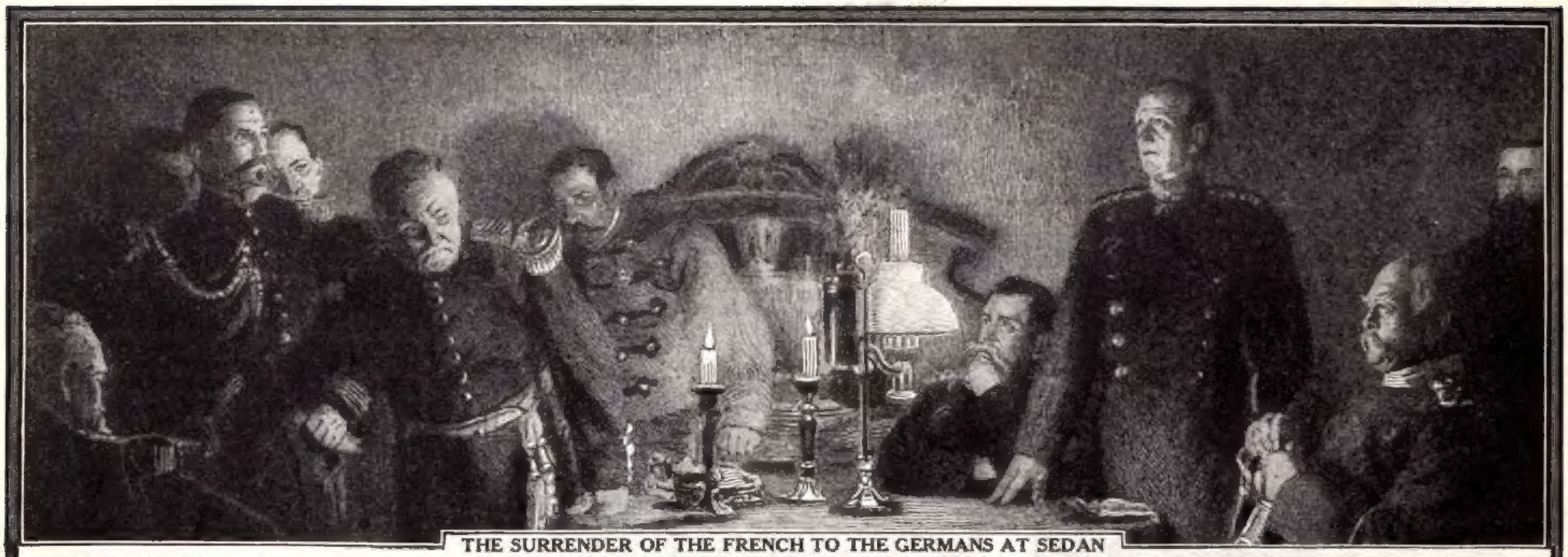

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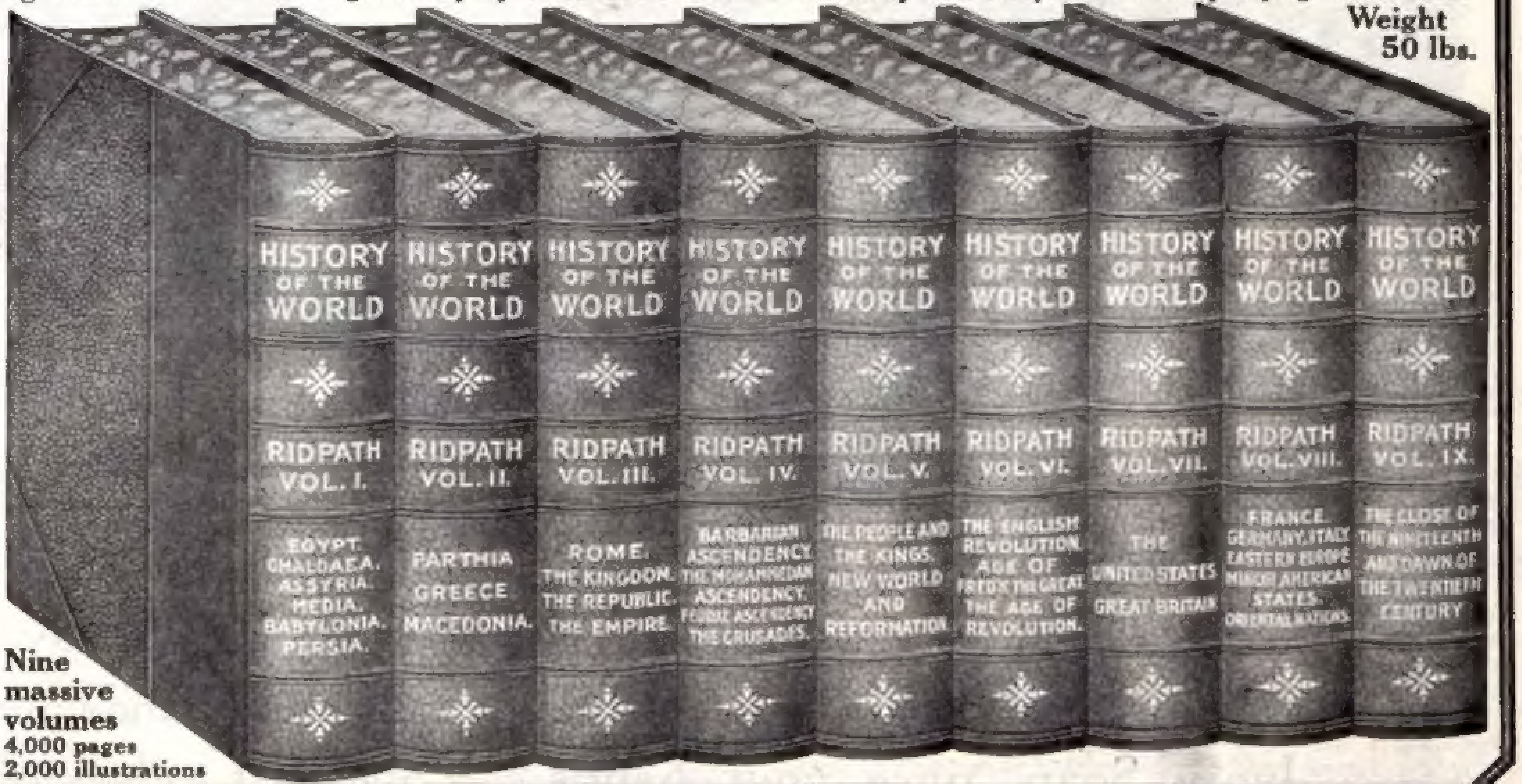
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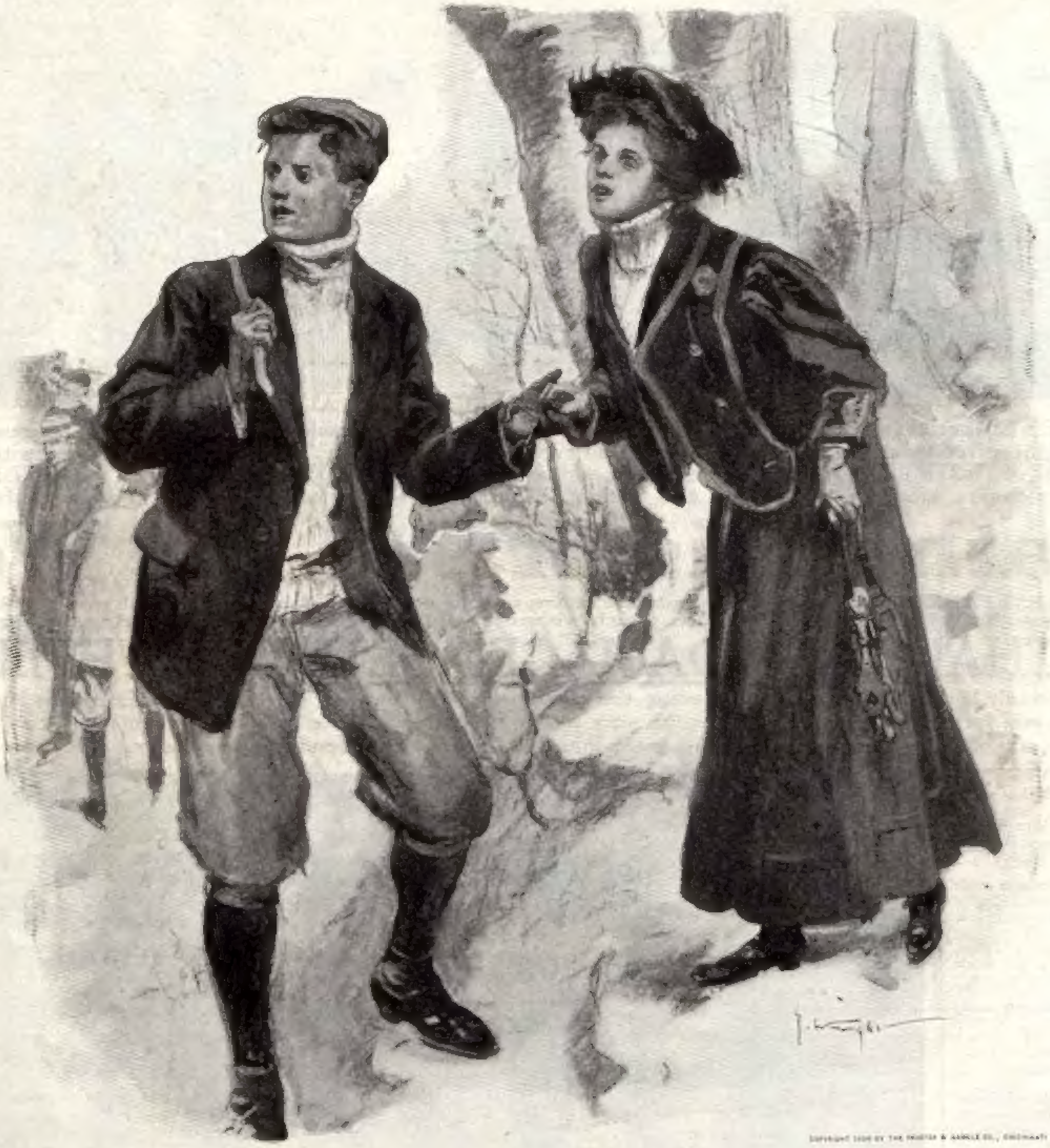

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The Long Arm of the Secret Police—By E. Alexander Powell, F.R.G.S.

How the International Spies Keep Their Fingers on the Pulse of the World

THE secret police of the world, from the very nature of their calling, possess knowledge which is hidden from the world at large. There are reticent, mild-mannered men in half the capitals of Europe who could tell you the real story of a certain President's death, the name of the street and the number of the house in which he died, and even the names of those who employed a beautiful woman to give him the cup of death; they might tell you something as to the present whereabouts of Herr Johann Orth, one time Archduke of Austria, who went a-sailing with a dancing-girl and of whom the world, at least, has never heard again; there are those among them who are believed to know what really happened to the Maine when she lay in the harbor of Havana, and others who know what made the Sultan ten seconds late in leaving the Hamidieh mosque on a certain Friday three years ago.

One day in 1889 Boulanger, the idol of the Parisian populace, returning from a review at Longchamps, rode down the Champs Elysées at the head of an army corps. Popularity had gone to his head like wine, and there are those who whisper that he had it in his mind to give the order to his troops, upon reaching the Place de la Concorde, to surround the Palace of the Elysée, seize the President and his Ministers, and proclaim himself Dictator of France. But a few yards before the turning-point was reached a man stepped out from the crowd and whispered a few words in the General's ear that turned his face in an instant from tan to white. The signal was never given, the troops dispersed to their barracks, and three days later Boulanger, a fugitive, with the secret police at his very heels, lay dead by his own hand on a woman's grave in the cemetery of Brussels. There are a score of men in the turreted building on the Boulevard du Palais who could tell you, if they wished, what lay behind all that.

How Failures of Spies Cost Royal Lives

SOMETIMES, of course, these secret agents fail, or are themselves deceived, or are, perhaps, a trifle late in taking action, and then we have a tragedy which shakes the world. That is why Maximilian died before a stone wall at Querétaro, why Alexander II was blown to pieces by a bomb in St. Petersburg, why Elizabeth of Austria met her death at the hands of an assassin on the quayside at Geneva, why King Humbert died at Monza and President McKinley at Buffalo and King Carlos at Lisbon. That the number of assassinations has not been doubled is due to no decrease in anarchism or in political crime—for all assassinations are not the work of anarchists—but to the remarkable work of the international secret police, whose hand is on the pulse of every criminal organization in the world, and through the fine meshes of whose dragnet no criminal, even if he succeeds in committing a crime, need ever hope to escape.

Doubtless it is in France that the science of the *agent secret* is most highly developed. Comes, therefore, the famous Brigade de Sûreté, of ancient and splendid prestige. Its record is one of shrewdness, daring and devotion. Vidocq's bold exploits are part of its tradition, and he was, in fact, its first chief. But behind the humdrum agents of the Sûreté lurks a far mightier and more mysterious secret police—the Brigade des Recherches. There is no class of society in France which does not contribute to their occult system of espionage. Bootblacks and bankers, cabdrivers and Cabinet Ministers draw regularly from its secret fund. This is the mysterious organization which gathers the material for the *dossiers politiques*, the political dockets which the French police hold over the head of every man who has had, or is likely to have, anything to do with politics. In his *dossier* is accumulated every available piece of information concerning the man under surveillance, particularly as regards his private life. If he has ever had one single lapse from virtue, if he has ever, either in his private or his public life, made one single deviation from the straight and narrow path, he may be sure that it is recorded for possible future use in the dark archives of the secret police. They know more of his financial standing than his own bankers; they know more of his love affairs than his wife; they know more of his weaknesses and his vices than his most intimate companions. For there is always the chance that he may some day rise to political eminence, and when that day comes this miscellaneous information, gathered with such painstaking care from so many different sources, may prove of use. It will be seen, therefore, that it is in a large measure through the agents of the Brigade des Recherches that France is governed.

The Underground Work of the French System

THE secret police of France are divided into various divisions or bureaus, each with their particular duties and spheres of activities. One bureau, for instance, is charged with the expulsion of objectionable foreigners, the chief giving them a certain number of hours in which to leave the country, or sending them to the frontier at his own sweet will under convoy of his inspectors. This is the bureau which furnishes spies to shadow such men as Boulanger and Esterhazy, and which hints to overzealous journalists that their room is preferable to their company. Another is officially designated by the imposing title, Administrative Intervention in the Interest of Families from the Viewpoint of Morality. If a young man of good family falls into the clutches of a woman of the under world, the chief of this division has it in his power to interfere and order the fair enchantress to be imprisoned in Saint Lazare. All very high-minded and moral, surely, but it may just happen that this particular lady is objectionable to the Government, and such an excuse is all that is needed for her to disappear—and her companions of the Rue de Clichy know her no more. Still another bureau keeps a list of foreigners who are compelled by law to be registered—the little card which you fill up upon entering your hotel is the outward sign of its espionage—and keeps track of their movements as well: how they amuse themselves, with whom they fraternize, to whom they write and what they buy at the shops. The chief of this bureau occasionally orders the seclusion of any individual—generally a too-active journalist or politician—whom the Government deems it advisable to suppress, providing it can be done without attracting too much attention. For though the chief does not issue *lettres de cachet*, as in the good old days of the Bastille, his occult power is quite as effective as was that of Fouché himself.

The French political spies number between eight hundred and a thousand, both men and women, drawn from all walks of life. In addition to these there are close on two thousand anti-anarchist agents in the pay of the Sûreté. All of these secret agents are selected from the classes of people among whom they are expected to work. The first requisite, indeed, is that they have a regular occupation which they are compelled to follow, so as not to arouse suspicion. When a chief of division wishes to see one of his agents he does not have him show himself at the prefecture, but makes an appointment at one of the private offices which the secret police maintain all over Paris for just such purposes as this. So universal is this system of espionage in France that every newspaper has one or more spies attached to its staff in the guise of sub-editors and reporters; they are to be found among the employees of every banking house; they hold seats in the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies, and even the personal *entourage* of the President is infested with them. The first thing the chief of the secret police does when he wishes to keep any one under close surveillance is to enlist the coöperation of his servants. In France the loyalty of such people is generally measured by the height of the little stack of golden napoleons. It has frequently been said that General Boulanger, learning that his plan for a *coup d'état* had been discovered, ran away from Paris and succeeded in eluding the vigilance of the secret police. As a matter of fact, he did learn that the agents of the Sûreté were on his trail, and fled from Paris in sheer fright, but that he never threw them off the scent is proved by the fact that his trusted body-servant was a political spy, and followed his master in his flight to London and on to Brussels, where the end came.

Many magazine and newspaper articles are written or suggested by the chief of the political police or his assistants, for one of their duties is to influence the trend of national opinion. Take, for instance, those periodical outbursts of hatred against Germany which appear from time to time in the British press. They create a dangerous international situation and have more than once brought France's feared and hated neighbor to the verge of a war with England—an event for which France is working steadily. England annually spends millions on naval preparations and military defense, but if she would take a leaf from the book of the French secret police and invest a tithe of her national defense fund in newspaper articles judiciously written and placed in the Continental press, in a twelvemonth she could make herself the most popular nation in Europe. Andrieux, when prefect of police, used to pay the expenses of a socialist paper published by the notorious Louise Michel, of communistic fame. His idea was to make the "companions" squabble among themselves, and it is doubtful if Louise Michel ever suspected that the generous contributor who was wont to send her money and an occasional violent editorial through an enthusiastic admirer was no other than the dreaded chief of the secret police himself.

An Open Secret About Cuba

AS MIGHT be expected, nowhere is the secret service so highly developed as in the office of the Minister of War. If a railway siding is built in Germany, or a British naval officer perfects a new explosive, or an Italian cruiser calls at Tripoli, or the Austrian Government gives an order to Krupp of Essen, the facts are known in the Boulevard Saint Germain within twenty-four hours. An unending stream of information flows into the Ministry of War from many quarters. The prefecture of police supplies much of this from its numerous sources of information. The Ministry of Foreign Affairs also sends frequent and valuable reports emanating from ambassadors, consuls and diplomatic agents, and particularly military attachés, for what, after all, are these gorgeously-uniformed gentlemen but accredited spies? From the general staff down, every military officer collects information from every available source. From military men traveling on furlough in foreign countries the War Department receives valuable documents, plans of fortifications, and even cartridges and weapons, or parts of weapons, of new design. Such an organization, it is needless to say, is not peculiar to the French Ministry of War, but is characteristic of all well-regulated armies. In fact, the sole reason for the final delay in the evacuation of Cuba by the American forces was that our intelligence officers might have time to complete the wonderfully complete military maps, showing every path and thicket and native hut from one end of the island to the other. Considerable reticence is displayed about our own military secret service, but some of the foreign Governments would give much to have in their possession certain secrets which are filed away for future reference in the archives of the War College in Washington.

It will be seen, from what I have said above, that France is, to all intents and purposes, at the mercy of a secret-service system which is centralized in Paris, but whose ramifications extend from Cherbourg to Toulon and from the Vosges to the Pyrenees. Do not dream for an instant, however, that the control of this vast organization is in the hands of the President of the Republic or the members of his Cabinet. Strangely enough, the President and his Ministers are not so well posted on matters pertaining to the service as many minor officials. The Paris prefect of police himself is kept in blissful ignorance of the inner machinations of the system of which he is the titular head. This will be readily understood, however, when one remembers that the higher officers of the Government are apt to be dismissed at a moment's notice, while the chiefs of division, who control the whole complicated machinery of the system, are civil service appointees who cannot be removed except for very grave reasons, and who retain office regardless of all changes of administration. The Government, moreover, would hesitate to dispense with the services of a chief of division whose silence was of importance to the state.

There are among the secret police men who have lived in almost every class of life—and women, too, for that matter—and each of them follows what might be called a special line of business of his own. In the course of their duty some mix with that dangerous class whose members are known as *chevaliers d'industrie*, others with thieves and pickpockets, with housebreakers and receivers of stolen goods, and not a few, carrying their lives ever in their hands, mingle with the dreaded Apaches, that organization of thugs and assassins who patrol the streets of Paris after nightfall, and with whom even the powerful secret police have been unable to cope successfully. Not long ago a visiting foreigner, leaving the opera at the close of the performance, started to walk to his hotel through the Rue de la Paix. The streets were well lighted and alive with people, and danger seemed afar off. At the corner of the Rue Castiglione and the Rue de Rivoli two men lurked in the shadows of the colonnade. As the playgoer passed them, muffled to the ears against the biting wind, one of them leaped forward, catlike, silently. A knife-blade glittered for a moment under the street lights, then was buried in the back of the foreigner and he fell forward, dead. A score of passers-by saw the murder and the assassins were almost instantly in the hands of the police. Came the interrogation in the grim, turreted building beside the Seine. "You knew this gentleman, perhaps?" questioned the *juge d'instruction*, turning to one of the prisoners. "You had some score to wipe out, or was it robbery that you intended?" "*Ma foi, non*," replied the assassin coolly. "I never saw the man before, and as for robbery, I had no particular need for money at the time. But my comrade here doubted my courage. 'Jacques,' said he, 'you do not possess the courage to commit a murder, *non*.' And so, *monsieur le juge*, this gentleman being the first who happened to pass I put my knife into him just to show my good comrade that I was not afraid." A few weeks later the head of the Apache who boasted that he was not afraid dropped with a thud into the basket of wet sawdust.

A French detective who cannot assume and act up to any character, and who cannot disguise himself in any manner so effectually as not to be recognized even by those who know him best, is not considered fit to hold his appointment. The ability of some of these secret agents in this respect is marvelous. Some years ago one of them made a bet with me that he would, in the course of the next few days, address me four times for at least ten minutes each time, and that I would not know him on any occasion until he revealed himself. Although I was on my guard and mistrusted every one who came near me, the agent won his bet. Let it suffice to say that in the course of the next few days he drove me about Paris for an hour in the guise of a *cocher;* he delivered a suit from my tailor's and hinted that he would accept a *pourboire;* he approached me in the Luxembourg as a professional guide, and he wound up his series of impersonations by serving me dinner in my own hotel—and in no single case did I have the slightest suspicion of his identity.

The Retired Naval Officer's Work

UNTIL quite recently there lived in Paris an Englishman who moved in excellent society, was a member of several fashionable clubs, and who, until his death, was not known even by his most intimate friends to belong to the secret police. Apparently he was a retired army officer with good private means, living alone and dining every day at Bignon's or the Café Anglais. Yet this quiet-spoken man was the means of bringing to justice more scoundrels of a certain type than perhaps any other detective in the French capital. As I have already explained, all the agents of the Sûreté have their special lines of business, their own spheres of operation, as it were, where they hunt down the particular game they are told to look after. This Englishman had in his day been a great gambler, and even long after he had given up *rouge et noir* and baccarat he loved an occasional game of *écarté* and could hardly exist without his rubber of whist every evening. His specialty with the police was the running down of the professional card-sharpers and swindlers who, under the guise of wealthy foreigners, frequent the best hotels and often obtain admission to the most exclusive clubs. On one occasion, which is doubtless still remembered by members of the French Jockey Club, he was the means of detecting and having arrested a person who had been introduced into that club and who played certain interesting tricks with cards and checks which threw discredit on all the members until the affair was cleared up. And yet this gentleman lived more than a dozen years in Paris without any one suspecting his connection with the police, and even after his death the truth came out only by accident.

Secrets of great importance to the State occasionally leak out despite the utmost efforts of the police. In February, 1889, Boulanger was at the height of his popularity, and Mr. Stewart Cumberland, the well-known mind-reader, who happened to be giving a series of performances in Paris at the time, conceived the idea of trying his powers on *le brav' général*. The gathering at which the séance took place was a private one, at the house of the Comte de Dillon, at Neuilly. After various experiments which were highly successful, Mr. Cumberland proposed to read the General's thoughts in connection with a possible war with Germany, which was then thought to be impending. To be perfectly correct, he offered to guide the General's hand, holding a pencil, along the line of invasion decided upon by the French generalissimo. The offer was accepted; they both sat down at a table with a large map spread out before them, Mr. Cumberland being blindfolded and with Boulanger's fingers clasping the pencil between his own. The pencil traveled very slowly from Paris to the frontier, but in a few minutes after crossing the French borders it went more quickly until it finally stopped. "This is the point you would make for," said Mr. Cumberland, breaking the tense silence of the room. "You are right," answered Boulanger; "I would make for Stuttgart." And thus, without the aid of any spy, Germany found herself in the possession of a piece of information which the cleverest of her secret agents could never have procured, and which caused her to make immediate changes in her military dispositions.

English Eyes on Central Asia

EACH country has its own peculiar sphere of influence to which its intelligence department devotes its greatest attention. The British Government, for example, is in a constant state of alarm as to Russian designs in Central Asia, and agents of the Indian Intelligence Department, both British and native, are ever busy seeking information which will be of service when that day comes when it will be necessary to defend an empire which already, in the military sense, extends from Aden to Hongkong. Most of the British secret agents operating in Russian territory are officers of the Indian army, but, needless to say, they do not travel as such. Some pass themselves off as sportsmen in quest of big game, or tourists of an innocent but inquiring turn of mind, and the commandants of more than one lonely military post in the Caspian hinterland have unsuspectingly extended their hospitality to these supposed globe-trotters. Some go as commercial travelers and wander at will over that vast, mysterious land which lies to the north of the Afghan frontier, on the pretense of investigating the market for cotton goods or agricultural machinery; some assume the character of missionaries and cover their activities by religious proselytism, while still others, ostensibly in search of rugs and furs, penetrate to Khiva and beyond. So energetic have these agents become of late years, however, and so prolific in their disguises, that in the Asiatic provinces of Russia the genuine commercial traveler is invariably submitted to interrogatories and espionage by the agents of the Tsar. Nowadays no Englishman, or no German either, for that matter, can go across the Caspian to purchase skins, or to sell hardware, or even just to amuse himself, without his letters being opened, his luggage being searched, and the company he keeps carefully noted.

Elsewhere than in Central Asia the inquisitive foreigner is likely to be detained as a suspect if found near a dockyard, arsenal, fortress, masked battery or military undertaking of any sort. The indiscreet actions of the real tourist frequently excite suspicion, and doubtless many of the people arrested on the charge of espionage are wholly innocent, but now and then a spy is captured, sometimes in Alsace-Lorraine, sometimes along the Austro-Italian frontier, and usually is liberated after inquiries, for it is seldom if ever that any connection can be traced between captured spies and a foreign Government. In ordinary circumstances the mere fact of the spy becoming known makes him innocuous, and he knows it. If discovered the impolite Russian or German way is to lock him up in a fortress until his consul's demands become so insistent that he must be released, or else to ship him unceremoniously across the frontier under guard, with a warning of what will happen to him if he comes again. The polite way is to offer him a guard or a helpmate or a companion. The spy is then shown what he must see and, as soon as he has seen and reported, the various military dispositions are promptly changed so that the information he has obtained is worse than useless.

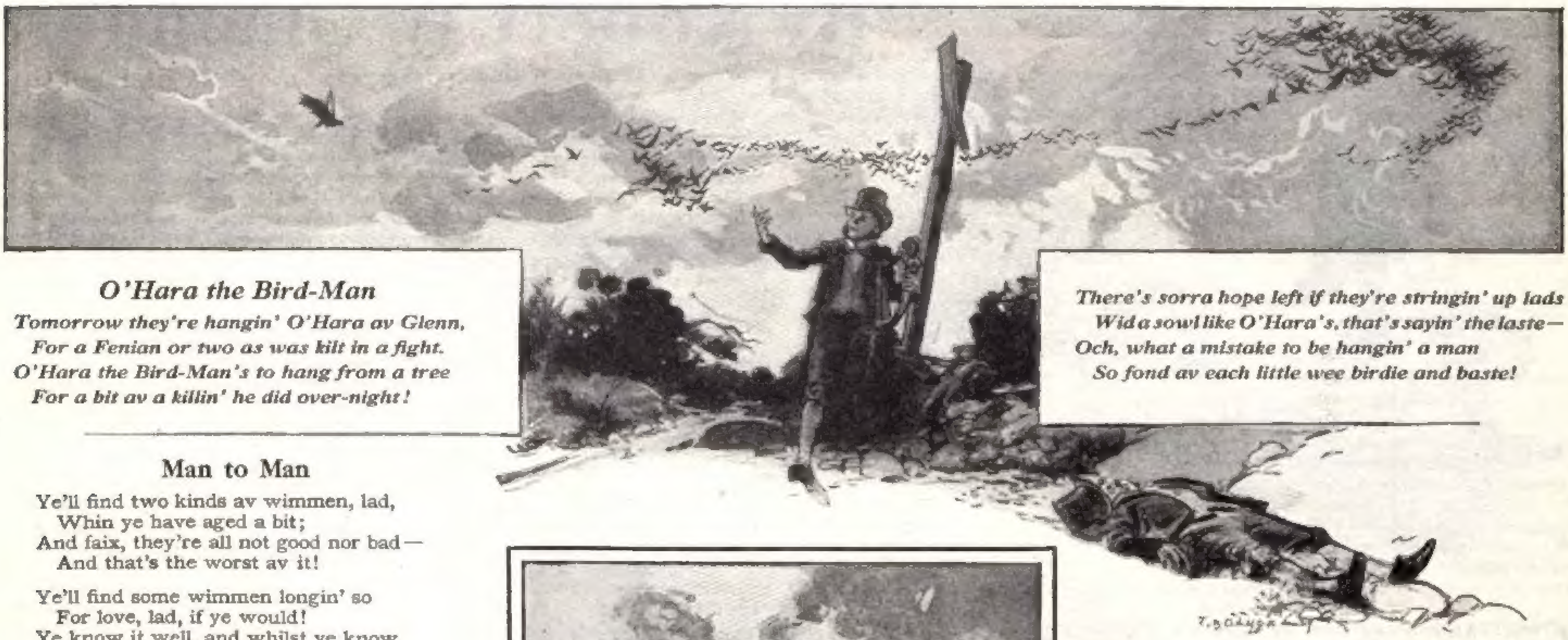
This was the sort of thing that happened a few years ago when the Kaiser, returning from his theatrical visit to Morocco, landed at Gibraltar. No one has ever hinted that Wilhelm II, despite his mania for the dramatic, is not on the job (pardon the slang, but it is so very expressive), so it was only to be expected that he would bluntly ask his host, the military governor, to show him the hidden fortifications and gun emplacements. Now the British prided themselves on the fact that the secrets of certain batteries at Gibraltar had never been penetrated, but the requests of emperors are not easily refused, and this particular emperor is one of those uncomfortably positive persons who knows what he wants, and wants what he wants when he wants it. So there was nothing for it but to take him from one end of the Rock to the other, and when the trip of inspection was over anything of military significance that escaped the imperial eye was not worth noticing. Needless to say, before the Hohenzollern was hull down on

(Continued on Page 21)

SONGS IN EXILE

By Arthur Stringer

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER



O'Hara the Bird-Man

Tomorrow they're hangin' O'Hara av Glenn,
For a Fenian or two as was kilt in a fight.
O'Hara the Bird-Man's to hang from a tree
For a bit av a killin' he did over-night!

There's sorra hope left if they're stringin' up lads
Wid a sowl like O'Hara's, that's sayin' the laste—
Och, what a mistake to be hangin' a man
So fond av each little wee birdie and baste!

Man to Man

Ye'll find two kinds av wimmen, lad,
Whin ye have aged a bit;
And faix, they're all not good nor bad—
And that's the worst av it!

Ye'll find some wimmen longin' so
For love, lad, if ye would!
Ye know it well, and whilst ye know
Ye can't, and niver could!

And some ye'll kiss who sthill stay cold;
Aye, thim who might and won't—
And thim ye'd walk through Hell to hold,
And love, because they don't!

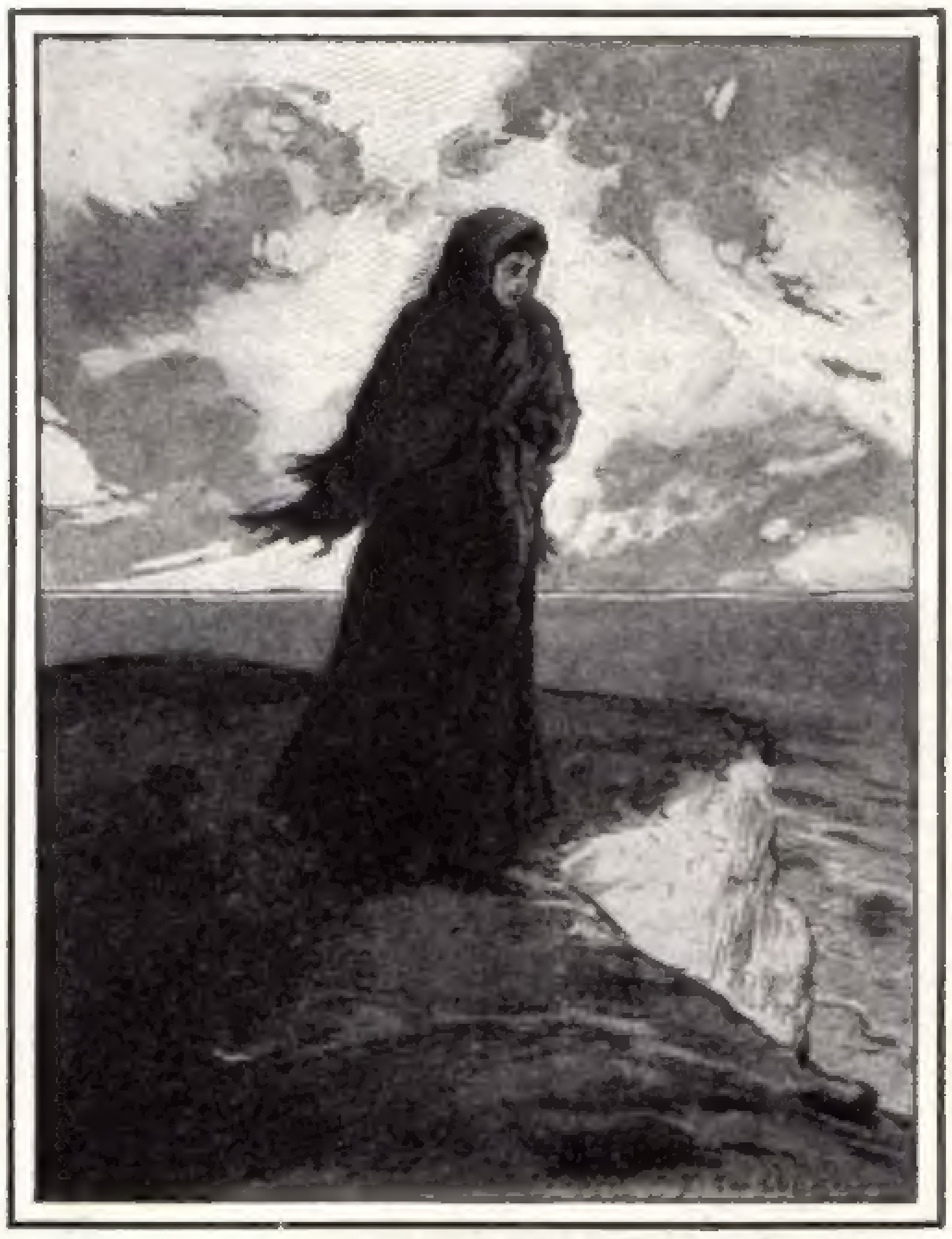
The Philanderer

I

Och, take a shmile and give wan, and meet a mouth and kiss wan,
And whin ye're off to furrin parts ye'll niver mourn or miss wan!
But the Divil take those gray eyes I left beyont the sea!
Sthill, if kissin' wanst was killin'
We'd be dyin' less unwillin'—
But I wonder if that wistful gurl is waitin' there for me!

II

Aye, take your kiss and keep it and draw your latch and leave it,
But niver say the last word or all your life ye'll grieve it—
The gurl beyont the wather is the gurl beyont your care!
Sure, some other mouth she'll find her,
Wid as sootherin' ways to blind her—



Yet I'm thinkin' av those ould eyes, those gray eyes watchin' there;
And I'm dreamin' av a waitin' gurl wid sea-mist on her hair!

III

If ye are cold wid wimmen, 'tis thrue in law and letther,
They'll lave ye wid their moitherin', and learn to love ye betther!
So niver go the whole lingth . . . but keep your fancy free!
Och, if she'd only been afraid;
If only she'd not clung and sthayed,
That gurl and all her gray eyes would not be pesterin' me!

IV

Few wimmen love a month long, and most, in faith, a minute!
But whin SHE gave her mouth up her pleadin' soul was in it!
A heap av tears and throuble, sure, this kissin' brings to some!
But niver such a shlip again . . .
And niver such a lip again,
Wid all these calm-eyed wimmen that'll kiss and go and come,
Wid all these laughin' furrin mouths I'm takin' nothin' from!

The Meeting

I'd niver seen the face av her;
And she knew naught av me.
She'd fared that day from Shela Hills,
And I'd come in from sea.

It may have been the warm, soft night,
The soft and moitherin' moon!
It may have been the lonely streets
And the ould sea's lonely chune!

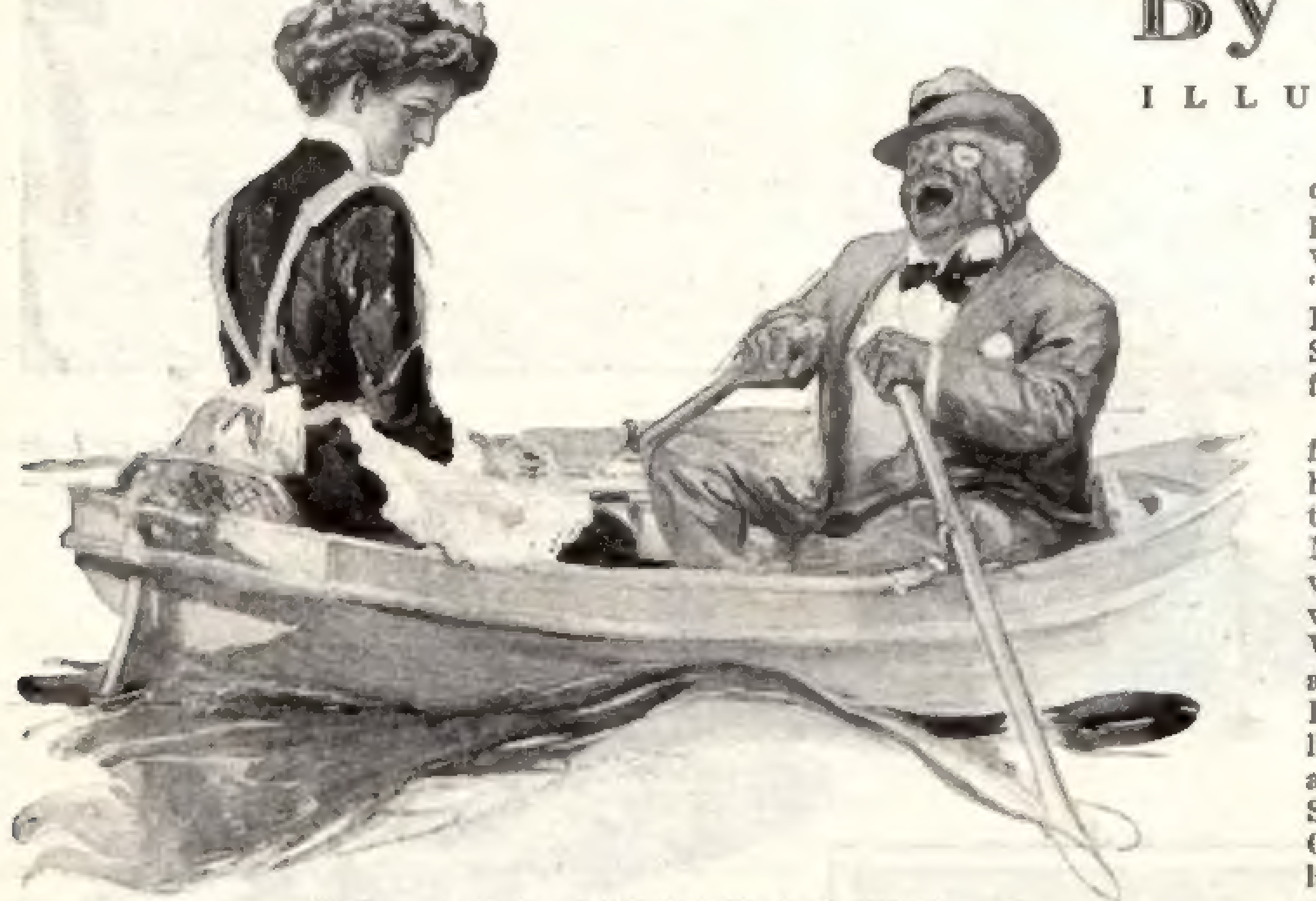
It may have all been doomed, in faith,
For many a thousand year,
That soft and mad and wistful night
Without a laugh or tear!

For she fared back to Shela Hills,
And I swung out to sea:
But och, the ache and loneliness
That wan night left wid me!

DRUSILLA AND PA-PAH

By Robert W. Chambers

ILLUSTRATED BY KARL ANDERSON



"I Der-reamt That I Dwelt in Ma-arble H-a-l-ls——"

CAPITAL had now been furnished for The Green Mouse, Limited; a great central station of white marble was being built, facing Madison Avenue and occupying the entire block front between Eighty-second and Eighty-third Streets.

The building promised to be magnificent; the plans provided for a thousand private operating-rooms, each beautifully furnished in Louis XVI style, a restaurant, a tea-room, a marriage-license bureau, and an emergency chapel where first-aid clergymen were to be always in attendance.

In each of the thousand Louis XVI operating-rooms a Destyn-Carr wireless instrument was to stand upon a rococo table. A maid to every two rooms, a physician to every ten, and smelling-salts to each room, were provided for in this gigantic enterprise.

Millions of circulars were being prepared to send broadcast over the United States. They read as follows:

ARE YOU IN LOVE—IF NOT, WHY NOT?

Wedlock by Wireless. Marriage by Machinery. A Wondrous Wooer Without Words! No more doubt; no more hesitation; no more uncertainty. The Destyn-Carr Wireless Apparatus does it all for you. Happy Marriage Guaranteed or money eagerly refunded!

Physical Science says that for every man and woman on earth there is a predestined mate!

That mate can be discovered for you by The Green Mouse, Limited.

Why waste time with costly courtship? Why frivol? Why fuss?

There is only ONE mate created for YOU. You pay us; We find that ONE, thereby preventing mistakes, lawsuits, elopements, regrets, grouches, alimony.

Divorce Absolutely Eliminated
By Our Infallible Wireless Method
Success Certain

It is now known the world over that Professor William Augustus Destyn has discovered that the earth we live on is enveloped in Psychical Currents. By the Destyn-Carr instrument these currents may be tapped, controlled and used to communicate between two people of opposite sex whose subconscious and psychic personalities are predestined to affinity and amorous accord. In other words, when psychic waves from any individual are collected or telegraphed along these wireless psychical currents, only that one affinity attuned to receive them can properly respond.

We catch your psychic waves for you. We send them out into the world.

WATCH THAT SPARK!

When you see a tiny bluish-white spark tip the tentacle of the Destyn-Carr transmitter,

THE WORLD IS YOURS!
for $25.

Our method is quick, painless, merciful and certain. Fee, twenty-five dollars in advance. Certified checks accepted.

THE GREEN MOUSE, Limited.

President . . . . . Prof. Wm. Augustus Destyn.
Vice-Presidents . . { The Hon. Killian Van K. Vanderdynk.
{ The Hon. George Gray, 3d.
Treasurer . . . . . The Hon. Bushwyck Carr.

These circulars were composed, illuminated and printed upon vellum by what was known as an "Art" community in West Borealis, New Jersey. Several tons were expected for delivery early in June.

Meanwhile, the Carr family and its affiliations had invested every cent they possessed in Green Mouse, Limited; and those who controlled the stock were Bushwyck Carr; William Augustus Destyn and Mrs. Destyn, née Ethelinda Carr; Mr. Killian Van K. Vanderdynk and Mrs. Vanderdynk, née Sacharissa Carr; George Gray and Mrs. Gray, very lately Sybilla Carr; and the unmarried triplets, Flavilla and Drusilla Carr.

Remembering with a shudder how Bell Telephone and Standard Oil might once have been bought for a song, Bushwyck Carr determined that in this case his pudgy fingers should not miss the forelock of Time and the divided skirts of Chance.

Squinting at the viewless ether through his monocle he beheld millions in it; so did William Augustus Destyn and the other sons-in-law.

Only the unmarried triplets, Flavilla and Drusilla, remained amiably indifferent in the midst of all these family financial scurryings and preparations to secure world patents in a monopoly which promised the social regeneration of the globe.

The considerable independent fortunes that their mother had left them they invested in Green Mouse, at their father's suggestion; but further than that they took no part in the affair.

For a while the hurry and bustle and secret family conferences mildly interested them. Very soon, however, the talk of psychic waves and millions bored them; and as soon as the villa at Oyster Bay was opened they were glad enough to go.

Here, at Oyster Bay, there was some chance of escaping their money-mad and wave-intoxicated family; they could entertain and be entertained by both of the younger sets in that dignified summer resort; they could wander about their own vast estate alone; they could play tennis, sail, swim, ride and drive their tandem.

But best of all—for they were rather seriously inclined at the age of eighteen, or, rather, on the verge of nineteen—they adored sketching, in water-colors, out-of-doors.

Scrubby forelands set with cedars, shadow-flecked paths under the scrub oak, meadows where water glimmered, white sails off Center Island and Cooper's Bluff—Cooper's Bluff from the north, northeast, east, southeast, south—this they painted with never-tiring, Pecksniffian patience, boxing the compass around it as enthusiastically as that immortal architect circumnavigated Salisbury Cathedral.

And one delicious morning in early June, when the dew sparkled on the poison ivy and the air was vibrant with the soft monotone of mosquitoes and the public road exhaled a delicate aroma of crude oil, Drusilla and Flavilla, laden with sketching-blocks, color-boxes, camp-stools, white umbrellas and bonbons, descended to the great hall, on sketching bent.

Mr. Carr also stood there, just outside on the porch, red, explosive, determined legs planted wide apart, defying several courtly reporters, who for a month had patiently and politely appeared every hour to learn whether Mr. Carr had anything to say about the new invention, rumors of which were flying thick about Park Row.

"No, I haven't!" he shouted in his mellow and sonorously musical bellow. "I have told you one hundred times that when I have anything to say I'll send for you. Now, permit me to inform you, for the hundred and first consecutive time, that I have nothing to say—which won't prevent you from coming back in an hour and standing in exactly the same ridiculous position you now occupy, and asking me exactly the same unmannerly questions, and taking the same impertinent snapshots at my house and my person!"

He executed a ferocious facial contortion, clapped the monocle into his left eye, and squinted fiercely.

"I'm getting tired of this!" he continued. "When I wake in the morning and look out of my window there are always anywhere from one to twenty reporters decorating my lawn! *That* young man over there is the worst and most persistent offender!"—scowling at a good-looking youth in white flannels, who immediately blushed distressingly. "Yes, you are, young man! I'm amazed that you have the decency to blush! Your insolent sheet, the Evening Star, refers to my Trust Company as a Green Mouse-Trap and a *Mouse*leum. It also publishes preposterous pictures of myself and family. Dammit, sir, they even produce a photograph of Orlando, the family cat! You did it, I am told. Did you?"

"I am trying to do what I can for my paper, Mr. Carr," said the young man. "The public is interested."

Mr. Carr regarded him with peculiar hatred.

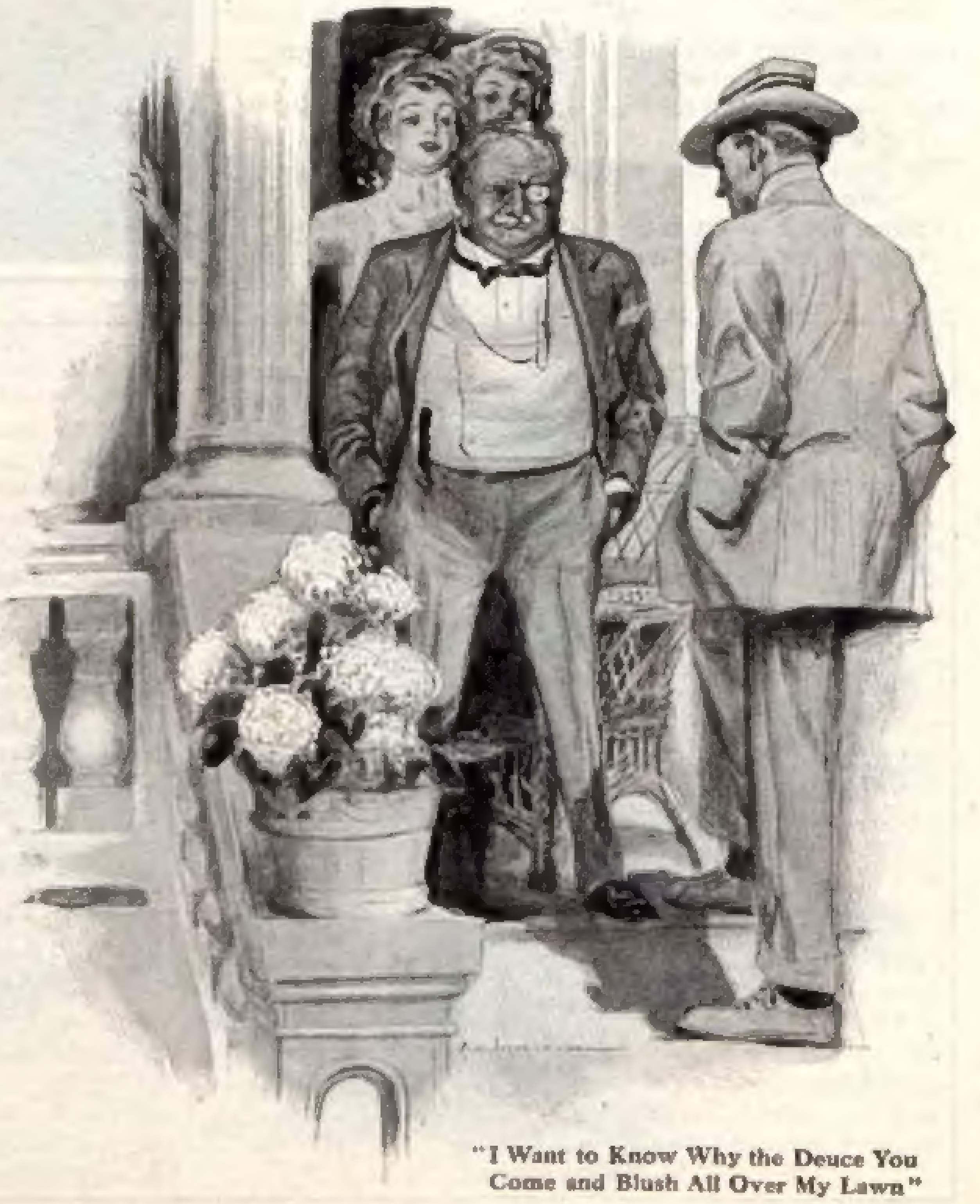
"Come here," he said; "I *have* got something to say to *you*."

The young man cautiously left the ranks of his fellows and came up on to the porch. Behind Mr. Carr, in the doorway, stood Drusilla and Flavilla. He tried not to see them; he pretended not to. But he flushed deeply.

"I want to know," demanded Mr. Carr, "why the devil you are always around here blushing. You've been around here blushing for a month, and I want to know why you do it."

The youth stood speechless, features afire to the tips of his glowing ears.

"At first," continued Mr. Carr mercilessly, "I had a vague hope that you might perhaps be blushing for shame



"I Want to Know Why the Deuce You Come and Blush All Over My Lawn" at your profession; I heard that you were young at it, and I was inclined to be sorry for you. But I'm not sorry any more!"

The young man remained crimson and dumb.

"Confound it," resumed Mr. Carr, "I want to know why the deuce you come and blush all over my lawn. I won't stand it! I'll not allow anybody to come blushing around me ——"

Indignation choked him; he turned on his heel to enter the house and beheld Flavilla and Drusilla regarding him, wide-eyed.

He went in, waving them away before him.

"I've taught that young pup a lesson," he said with savage satisfaction. "I'll teach him to blush at me! I'll ——"

"But why," asked Drusilla, "are you so cruel to Mr. Yates? We like him."

"Mr.—Mr. *Yates!*" repeated her father, astonished. "Is that his name? And who told *you?*"

"He did," said Drusilla innocently.

"He—that infernal newspaper bantam ——"

"Pa-*pah!* Please don't say that about Mr. Yates. He is really exceedingly kind and civil to us. Every time you go to town on business he comes and sketches with us at ——"

"Oh," said Mr. Carr with the calm of deadly fury, "so he goes to Cooper's Bluff with you when I'm away, does he?"

Flavilla said: "He doesn't exactly go with us; but he usually comes there to sketch. He makes sketches for his newspaper."

"Does he?" asked her father, grinding his teeth.

"Yes," said Drusilla; "and he sketches so beautifully. He made such perfectly charming drawings of Flavilla and of me, and he drew pictures of the house and gardens, and of all the servants, and"—she laughed—"I once caught a glimpse in his sketch-book of the funniest caricature of you ——"

The expression on her father's face was so misleading in its terrible calm that she laughed again, innocently.

"It was not at all an offensive caricature, you know—really it was not a caricature at all—it was *you*—just the way you stand and look at people when you are—slightly—annoyed ——"

"Oh, he is so clever," chimed in Flavilla, "and he is so perfectly well-bred and so delightful to us—to Drusilla particularly. He wrote the prettiest set of verses—To Drusilla in June—just dashed them off while he was watching her sketch Cooper's Bluff from the southwest ——"

"He is really quite wonderful," added Drusilla sincerely, "and so generous and helpful when my drawing becomes weak and wobbly ——"

"Mr. Yates shows Drusilla how to hold her pencil," said Flavilla, becoming warmly earnest in her appreciation of this self-sacrificing young man. "He often lays aside his own sketching and guides Drusilla's hand while she holds the pencil ——"

"And when I'm tired," said Drusilla, "and the water-colors get into a dreadful mess, Mr. Yates will drop his own work and come and talk to me about art—and other things ——"

"He is so kind!" cried Flavilla in generous enthusiasm.

"And so vitally interesting," said Drusilla.

"And so talented!" echoed Flavilla.

"And so ——" Drusilla glanced up, beheld something in the fixed stare of her parent that frightened her, and rose in confusion.

"Have I said—done—anything?" she faltered.

With an awful spasm Mr. Carr jerked his congested features into the ghastly semblance of a smile.

"Not at all," he managed to say. "This is very interesting—what you tell me about this p-pu—this talented young man. Does he—does he seem—attracted toward you—unusually attracted?"

"Yes," said Drusilla, smiling reminiscently.

"How do you know?"

"Because he once said so."

"S-said—w-what?"

"Why, he said quite frankly that he thought me the most delightful girl he had ever met."

"What—else?" Mr. Carr's voice was scarcely audible.

"Nothing," said Drusilla; "except that he said he cared for me very much and wished to know whether I ever could care very much for him. . . . I told him I thought I could. Flavilla told him so, too. . . . And we all felt rather happy, I think; at least I did."

Her parent emitted a low, melodious sort of sound, a kind of mellifluous howl.

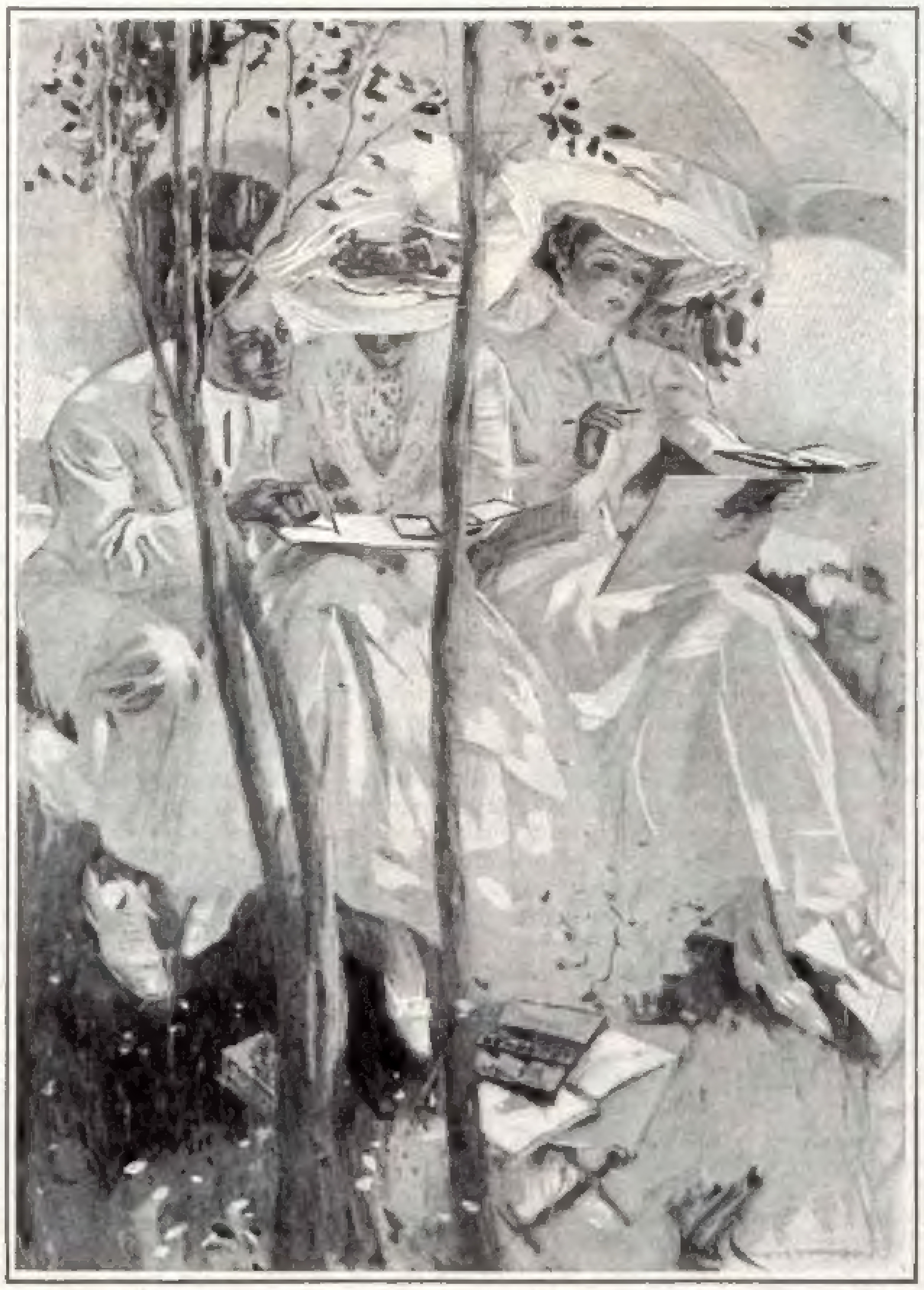
"Pa-pah!" they exclaimed in gentle consternation.

He beat at the empty air for a moment like a rotund fowl about to seek its roost. Suddenly he ran distractedly at an armchair and kicked it.

They watched him in sorrowful amazement.

"If we are going to sketch Cooper's Bluff this morning," observed Drusilla to Flavilla, "I think we had better go—quietly—by way of the kitchen-garden. Evidently Pa-pah does not care for Mr. Yates."

Orlando, the family cat, strolled in, conciliatory tail hoisted. Mr. Carr hurled a cushion at Orlando, then beat madly upon his own head with both hands. Servants respectfully gave him room; some furniture was overturned—a chair or two—as he bounced upward and locked and bolted himself in his room.



"He Often Lays Aside His Own Sketching and Guides Drusilla's Hand While She Holds the Pencil——"

What transports of fury he lived through there nobody else can know; what terrible visions of vengeance lit up his outraged intellect, what cold intervals of quivering hate, what stealthy schemes of reprisal, what awful retribution for young Mr. Yates were hatched in those dreadful moments, he alone could tell. And as he never did tell anybody, how can I know?

However, in about half an hour his expression of stony malignity changed to a smile so cunningly devilish that, as he caught sight of himself in the mirror, his corrugated countenance really startled him.

"I must smooth out—smooth out!" he muttered. "Smoothness does it!" And he rang for a servant and bade him seek out a certain Mr. Yates among the throng of young men who had been taking snapshots.

Mr. Yates came presently, ushered by Ferdinand, and looking extremely worried. Mr. Carr received him in his private office with ominous urbanity.

"Mr. Yates," he said, forcing a distorted smile, "I have rather abruptly decided to show you exactly how one of the Destyn-Carr instruments is supposed to work. Would you kindly stand here—close by this table?"

Mr. Yates, astounded, obeyed.

"Now," said Mr. Carr, with a deeply-creased smile, "here is the famous Destyn-Carr apparatus. That's quite right—take a snapshot at it without my permission ——"

"I—I thought ——"

"Quite right, my boy; I intend you shall know all about it. You see it resembles the works of a watch. . . . Now, when I touch this spring the receiver opens and gathers in certain psychic waves which emanate from the subconscious personality of—well, let us say you, for example! . . . And now I touch this button. You see that slender hairspring of Rosium uncurl and rise, trembling and waving about like a tentacle?"

Young Yates, notebook in hand, recovered himself sufficiently to nod. Mr. Carr leered at him. Then, smiling:

"That tentacle," he explained, "is now seeking some invisible, wireless, psychic current along which it is to transmit the accumulated psychic waves. As soon as the wireless current finds the subconscious personality of the woman you are destined to love and marry some day ——"

"I?" exclaimed young Yates, horrified.

"Yes, you. Why not? Do you mind my trying it on you?"

"But I am already in love," protested the young man, turning, as usual, a ready red. "I don't care to have you try it on me. Suppose that machine should connect me with—some other—girl ——"

"It has!" cried Carr with a hideous laugh as a point of bluish-white fire tipped the tentacle for an instant. "You're tied fast to something feminine! Probably a cook, or a typewriter—or a burlesque actress—somebody you're fitted for, anyway!" He clapped on his monocle, and glared gleefully at the stupefied young man.

"That will teach you to enter my premises and hold my daughter's hand when she is drawing innocent pictures of Cooper's Bluff!" he shouted. "That will teach you to write poems to my eighteen-year-old daughter, Drusilla; that will teach you to tell her you are in love with her—you young pup!"

"I *am* in love with her!" said Yates, undaunted; but he was very white when he said it. "I do love her; and if you had behaved half-way decently I'd have told you so two weeks ago!"

Mr. Carr turned a delicate purple, then, recovering, laughed horribly.

"Whether or not you were once in love with my daughter is of no consequence now. That machine has nullified your nonsense! That instrument has found you your proper affinity—doubtless below stairs ——"

"I *am* still in love with Drusilla," repeated Yates firmly.

"I tell you, you're not!" retorted Carr. "Didn't I turn that machine on you? It has never missed yet! The Green Mouse has got *you* in the Mouseleum!"

"You are mistaken," insisted Yates, still more firmly. "I was in love with your daughter Drusilla before you started the machine; and I love her yet! Now! At the present time! This very instant I am loving her!"

"You can't!" shouted Carr.

"Yes, I can. And I do!"

"No, you don't! I tell you it's a scientific and psychical impossibility for you to continue to love her! Your subconscious personality is now in eternal and irrevocable accord and communication with the subconscious personality of some chit of a girl who is destined to love and marry you! And she's probably a ballet-girl, at that!"

"I shall marry Drusilla!" retorted the young man, very pale; "because I am quite confident that she loves me, though very probably she doesn't know it yet."

"You talk foolishness!" hissed Carr. "This machine has settled the whole matter! Didn't you see that spark?"

"I saw a spark—yes!"

"And do you mean to tell me you are not beginning to feel queer?"

"Not in the slightest."

"Look me squarely in the eye, young man, and tell me whether you do not have a sensation as though your heart were cutting capers?"

"Not in the least," said Yates calmly. "If that machine worked at all it wouldn't surprise me if you yourself had become entangled in it—caught in your own machine!"

"W-what!" said Carr faintly.

"It wouldn't astonish me in the slightest," repeated Yates, delighted to discover the dawning alarm in the older man's features. "*You* opened the receiver; *you* have psychic waves as well as I. *I* was in love at the time; *you* were not. What was there to prevent your waves from being hitched to a wireless current and, finally, signaling the subconscious personality of—of some pretty actress, for example?"

Mr. Carr sank nervously on to a chair; his eyes, already wild, became wilder as he began to realize the risk he had unthinkingly taken.

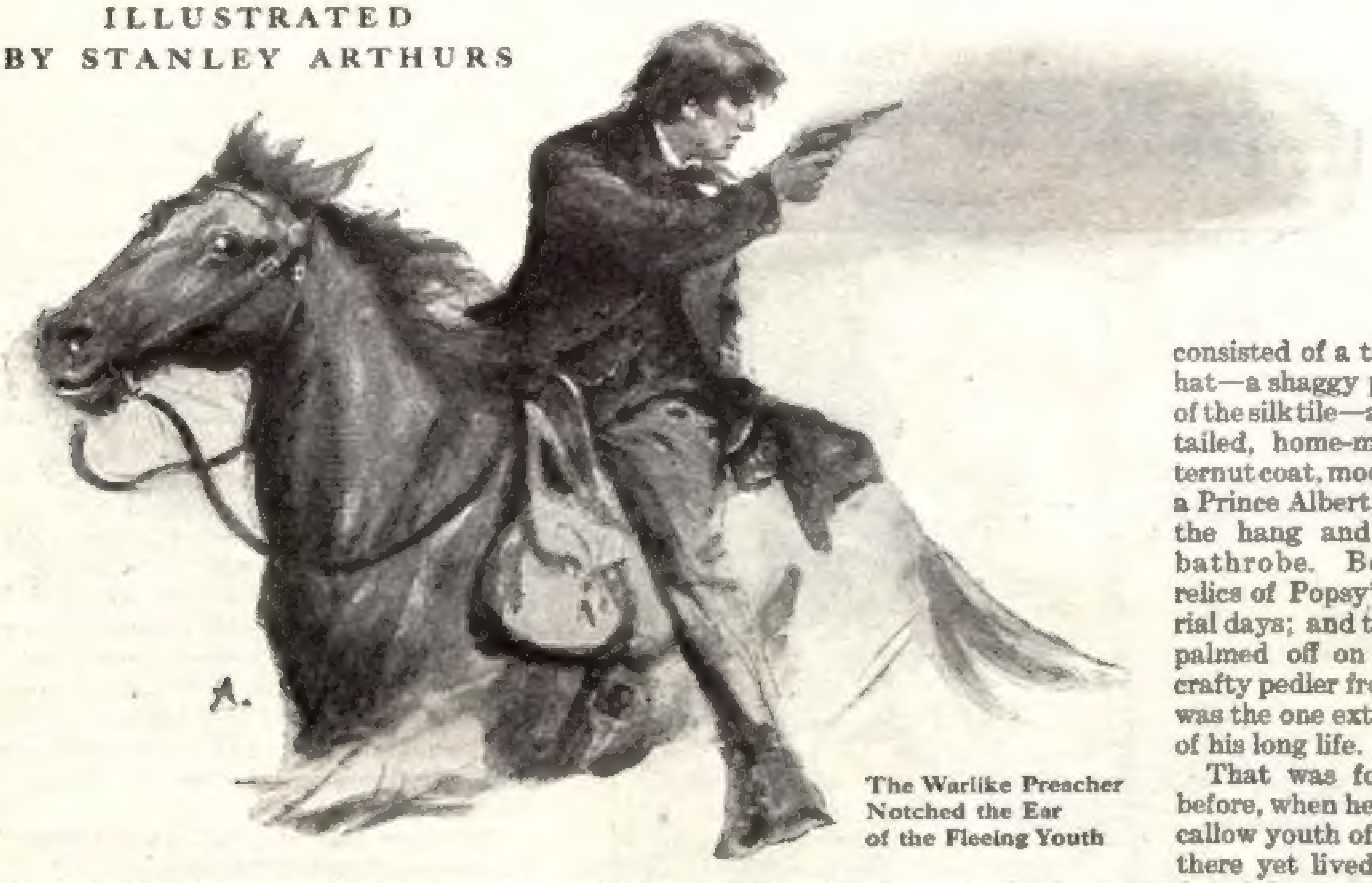
"Perhaps *you* feel a little—queer. You look it," suggested the young man, in a voice made anxious by an ever-ready sympathy. "Can I do anything? I am really very sorry to have spoken so."

(Continued on Page 30)

The Sage of Little Thunder

By ELMORE ELLIOTT PEAKE

ILLUSTRATED
BY STANLEY ARTHURS



The Warlike Preacher Notched the Ear of the Fleeing Youth

POPSY FLITT, aged ninety-one, sat on the sunny bank of the creek which rippled and swirled across the cabin's back yard. The blue-green, pine-tapestried ramparts of the Great Smokies rose majestically on every side, making an amphitheatre which would have seated the peoples of the world. But the nonagenarian's faded, gray eyes were glued on a floating chip, rigged with a birchbark sail. Two other chips—or ships—owned respectively by Tony Flitt, aged nine, and Ella Flitt, aged ten, were manœuvring in the same waters; and finally Tony's, slyly propelled by a willow switch in the owner's hand, rammed Popsy's amidships and capsized it.

The grandsire's eyes blazed hostilely, and springing to his feet with an agility remarkable in one so aged he darted at his tormentor. The boy, with a mocking laugh, escaped across the creek; whereupon the old man, threatening dire vengeance, trotted into the cabin. He presently emerged with an old brown-barreled, fifty-inch squirrel-gun in his hands. This weapon was charged with at least three drachms of sand, on top of which Popsy was in the habit of ramming down an extra bullet whenever he detected, in the heavens or the earth, any portent of war. The secret of the bogus powder charge had probably been intrusted to the children by their parents; for Ella, without showing the least alarm or relinquishing the thread cable of her vessel, called out in that exasperating tattle-tale tone which only little girls can muster:

"Oh, mommy! Popsy's got his gun out ag'in and air a-tryin' to shoot Tony!"

"You shet!" commanded the old man. Nevertheless, he paused and glanced doubtfully back at the cabin door. A moment later, sure enough, his daughter-in-law appeared.

"Why, Popsy," she exclaimed reprovingly, "would you shoot little Tony?"

"Yes, by jickity!" he shouted, in the falsetto of senility. "He upset my ship, dum him, and I'm a-goin' to plug him fer it."

However, when Lutie Flitt advanced and held out her hand for the rifle, he tamely surrendered it. But some outlet for his ebullient wrath was necessary; and dashing his wool hat to the ground in a fine ecstasy of temper, he executed a war-dance which would have put an Apache to shame.

"Dog-gone the dog-gone luck! Dog-gone the dog-gone day that ever brung that dog-gone boy to this hyer dog-gone cabing!"

The children screamed with merriment until their mother hushed them.

"Now, Popsy," she continued, "if you air a-goin' with we-uns to the big 'lection speakin' at Rabbit Foot, you got to be slicked up right off. We'll shore have a good time over thar, but you got to promise to be good er you can't go 'long."

"I'll be good ef you'll let me chaw all the terbacker I want to," said he, with brightening face.

She assented and he docilely followed her into the house. After washing his face and hands, Lutie went up to the loft for his "preachin'" clothes, without which he would never attend any public or social function. This garb consisted of a tall beaver hat—a shaggy progenitor of the silk tile—and a long-tailed, home-made, butternut coat, modeled after a Prince Albert, but with the hang and fit of a bathrobe. Both were relics of Popsy's ministerial days; and the beaver, palmed off on him by a crafty pedler from Below, was the one extravagance of his long life.

That was forty years before, when he was but a callow youth of fifty; but there yet lived on Little Thunder many people who remembered the sensation which this hat had created on its first appearance. A clique of Popsy's parishioners, classing the strange headpiece with feathers, ribbons and other snares of the Devil, had demanded its immediate retirement. When the valiant circuit-rider, who cared a fig for no man's opinion, retorted by flaying his critics from the pulpit, they themselves retired—with their pledged proportion of Popsy's meagre salary in their buckskin bags. Moreover, a few days later, a young mountain rowdy, affiliated with the disgruntled clique, neatly perforated the towering crown of the beaver with a bullet fired from ambush. The warlike preacher, who could shoot as well as pray, turned swiftly in his saddle, drew his ready pistol, and notched the ear of the fleeing youth.

This youth was a Yarrow, and from that day to this there had been bad blood between the Yarrows and the Flitts. The enmity had, fortunately, never risen to the dignity of a feud, for no one had been slain; but shots had been exchanged, knives drawn, buildings burned, and cattle maimed or killed. Of late years there had been little of even this. But old Popsy, jogging sedately toward the hundredth milestone of life, still unfailingly fared forth from his log castle with the original banner of war on his head and Old Sal in the hollow of his arm. Today, as usual, when he was ready to start, he lifted the gun from the antlers above the fireplace, opened the recess in the stock to make sure that bullets and patches were present, and looped the thong of his powder horn across his shoulder. With his failing eyes and palsied hands, he could have hardly hit a man at twenty yards. Indeed, he had not fired the rifle in a decade. But age had not quenched his fiery spirit; and it was now three years since his son Jephtha had, as a precautionary measure, secretly filled the breech of the veteran weapon with sand.

"Some of them Yarrows may take another plug at my beaver today," observed Popsy cheerfully, as the family passed down to the gate. "Ef they do I won't notch no year this hyer time. *And* I wouldn't afore, nuther," he quavered boastfully, "ef I'd a-had Old Sal 'stidder that pistol."

It was a ten-mile drive to Rabbit Foot church, and a rocking-chair, spread with a quilt, had been placed in the wagon for the old man. But he instantly spurned the effeminate arrangement.

"I won't set in no bed-cheer, like some old grandmammy a-goin' to a fun'ral!" he thundered. "Ef I can't set on a seat, like a man, I'll *walk*. That's what *I'll* do, by jickity! 'Sides, how in tar could I pop it to a Yarrow, tied up in a quilt? Why, good Lord, they'd make a sieve of me afore I could draw bead!"

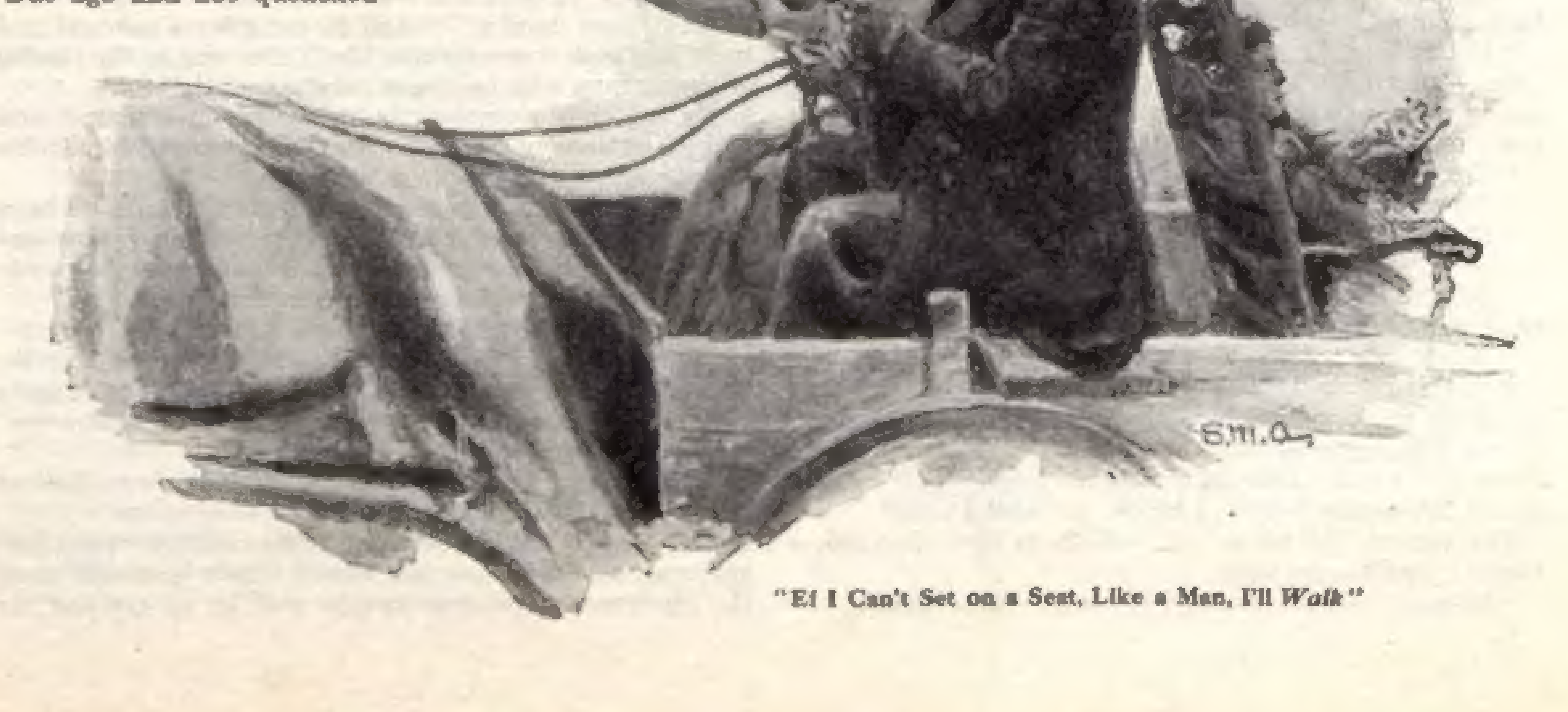
"Let him set whar he wants to," observed easy-going Jephtha. "We'll leave the cheer in, though. Likely he'll be glad enough to use it comin' back."

"Leave it and be dummed!" retorted the old fire-eater. "But if you ketch *me* in it, I'll live on raw sow-belly fer a month. Mark me, raw sow-belly fer a month."

Sitting as straight as a ramrod, with the brim of his beaver level with his watchful little eyes, his down-hooked nose all but meeting his uphooked chin, his lips pursed importantly over his toothless gums, his white locks stirring in the wind, and Old Sal resting between his knees, he presented a figure ludicrous or pathetic, according to one's point of view. Mrs. Flitt sat beside him and drove; the children lay on an armful of straw in the bed of the wagon; Jephtha walked, to save the horse, for the road was steep.

It groped through the shadows of great, umbrella-headed pines, crossed lush, green spaces of fern, threaded scented thickets of laurel and rhododendron. It followed rustling, icy streams, snuggled the feet of ledges that flamed with columbines, and skirted patches of pink-and white azaleas, glowing like belated snow-banks. Occasionally, it crept cautiously to the brink of a precipice, and peeped down dizzy depths that dwarfed the misty, empurpled forest floor of the gorge to mere shrubbery. A few times the solemn, spiritual chant of a wood-thrush reverberated through the dim, columned nave of a ravine. But the occupants of the wagon saw no human habitation until they approached the cabin of Jubal Flitt.

Something evil had apparently befallen the household, for the family was gathered in the front yard. Jubal and two of his sons stood aimlessly about, a half-grown



"Ef I Can't Set on a Seat, Like a Man, I'll *Walk*" daughter knuckled her eyes, while her mother sat on the step with her face buried in her apron. At the unwonted spectacle Lutie vigorously applied her hickory gad to old Gray, and the wagon jolted up to the gate at a speed which shook Popsy's beaver down on one ear and gave him a very rakish look indeed for a minister of the gospel

"What on airth hez happened?" demanded Lutie.

Phœbe Flitt merely emitted a louder wail, but Jubal—a big, black-whiskered man—came deliberately down to the fence and leaned against it.

"Nothin' so turrible," he answered. "Tidd went off this mornin' afore daylight with two hosses, and Patsy hyer has jest cornfessed that he telled her last night that he war a-goin' to git marrit to Tiony Yarrow."

"Louder!" called Popsy, bending forward with his hand behind his ear.

"Tidd's run off to git marrit to Tiony Yarrow!" translated Lutie excitedly.

For a moment Popsy was nonplused; then he sprang to his feet with the shrill cackle of a cockatoo.

"Well, what of it—what of it? What air you calicoes thar a-blubberin' about? Ain't Tiony Yarrow growed up to be the likeliest gal on this hyer mounting, spite of the pizen root she sprung from? She'll make Tidd a heap better wife'n that freckled thing he co'ted all last winter over at Wild Cat. And don't you-uns know that fer Tidd to carry Tiony off is wuss'n settin' a fiyer under old Splay-foot Yarrow's coat tails?"

Again he crowed victoriously. It was the spirit of the Roman youth on his quest for a virgin of the Sabines. For the mountaineer hates not the woman in his enemy's household. On the contrary, he not infrequently hazards life and limb to woo her; and truly, as Popsy said, Tidd Flitt could have wrested no fairer spoil from the proud Yarrows than tall, straight, bronze-haired Tiona

Jubal turned his quid over and spat reflectively. "Pop ain't fur wrong," he observed.

"But, oh, I'm a-feered they'll kill my boy!" cried the mother. "He's so reckless, and down in that nest of Yarrows, all alone, he ain't no more chanst to git out alive than ef he was in a cage of rattlesnakes."

"What's that?" shouted Popsy again, suspecting that the womenfolk were combating his views.

"Oh, set down, Pop, set down!" pleaded the anxious Lutie; and for a wonder he did so.

* * *

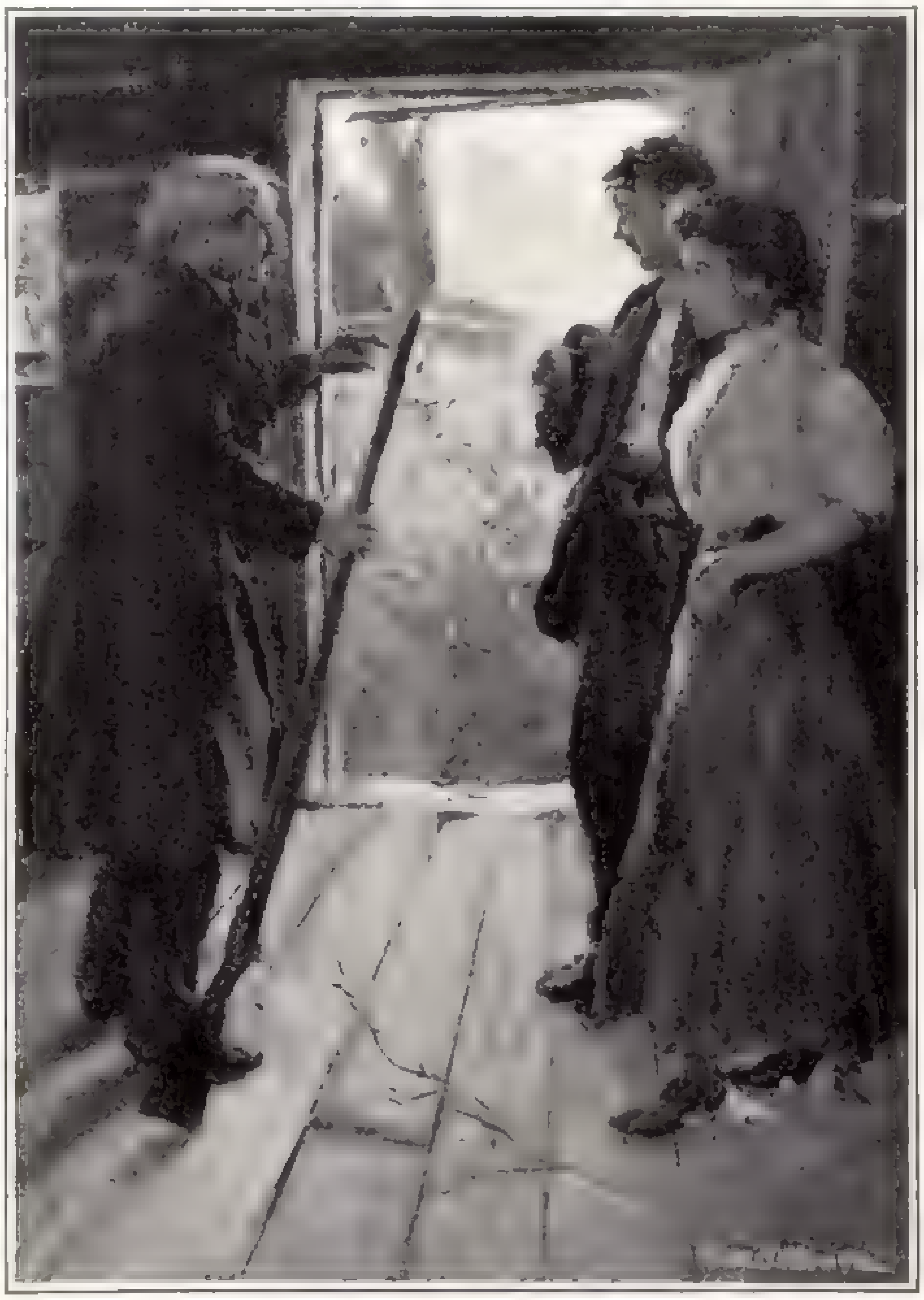
Tidd's escapade had spoiled the election speeches for the Jubal Flitts, but Jephtha's family drove on presently. On reaching Rabbit Foot grove they found Tidd's and Tiona's names on every tongue. Rumors, hints and surmises, dribbling in a feeble stream along remote roads, trails and footpaths, had converged at the grove into a volume of positive fact. Tidd, it was stated, had so far succeeded in his enterprise as to carry off Tiona from her father's house. But the whole Yarrow clan, armed to the teeth, was out in pursuit. Every trail to the Valley was guarded. Anstey Drake, justice of the peace, and the Reverend Gid Boyles, resident circuit-rider on the mountain, had not only been warned not to marry the fugitive couple under forfeit of their lives, but a guard had been set over their homes. Tidd and Tiona must therefore be in hiding somewhere, and Tidd had rather more than an even chance of resting that night in a shallow, hasty grave.

Every condition was present for the inauguration of a bitter feud; and Jephtha Flitt, with true mountain diplomacy, kept his mouth shut and warned his family to do the same. But to muzzle old Popsy, especially now that his blood was up, was utterly impossible. Tucking Old Sal under his arm—her long barrel and ponderous hammer contrasting curiously with the compact Winchesters which most of the men carried—he sallied gleefully forth. From one disputatious group to another he trotted with the little, mincing steps which his great age imposed, his coat tails flapping, his white head wedged tightly into his rusty beaver. Now it was his shrill, senile cachinnations that floated to Jephtha's ears, now his loud, denunciatory shout.

His pink, shriveled, finely-checked cheeks, like apples that hang into November, grew rosier with each linguistic bout. His little eyes, deep-set beneath their bushy brows, burned like coals in the heart of a brush-pile. His aquiline nose acquired, it seemed, a fiercer and more predatory curve, especially after he had been plied with several drams of moonshine whisky—a beverage of which he, in spite of his ministerial profession, had always been very fond, but which of late years, owing to his son's not keeping it in the house, had become a luxury.

At last, however, he began to grow weary; and after the eleven o'clock picnic-dinner he stole off to the wagon in the edge of the woods. Forgetting all about his threatened diet of raw sow-belly, he lifted down the abused rocker, and composed himself for a nap. When he awoke he found the quilt tucked about his shoulders and knees, and knew that Lutie had been over to look after him. Throwing off the covering out of sheer perversity, he lit his pipe and fell into a brown study.

Somebody was speaking from a platform on the other side of the grove, but Popsy had no interest in politics. He was interested, however, in the scene about him. Once he had owned this very grove. In fact, so far as he remembered, he owned it yet; and a mile or so down the road stood the cabin to which he had brought his young bride, seventy-one years before. When that bride, a desiccated old woman of seventy-three, had been given back to earth, Popsy had been taken to live with his youngest son. Since that time the cabin had been tenantless, save as fitfully occupied by the winged and furred denizens of the wild. The land attached was too lean to tempt even a mountaineer to rent or buy


"I'll Make You Twain One Quicker'n You Kin Say Scat"

With the fumes of his unusual potations added to a brain which at all times thronged with the bizarre conceits of second childhood, the ancient man wandered off through the trees. Half an hour later he stood before his old home —for the first time, perhaps, in ten years. The rail-fence, undermined by slow decay, had sunk to half its former height. The dooryard had reverted to a jungle of weeds, suckers and saplings. The cabin itself, like an ill-ballasted ship, listed slightly to one side. The old stick-and-clay chimney had melted, under the assaults of the elements, to a reddish mound of earth. The front door hung askew by one of its deerhide hinges, and swayed at the touch of each passing breeze.

One thing only had escaped the hand of dissolution—a wild rose at the corner of the house. Enriched by the crumbling logs and the leaf-sweepings of a hundred autumnal gales, it had shot up with lusty vigor until it touched the eaves; and now, forgetful of its former mistress' care, of the children who had once played hide-and-seek behind it, of the generations of puppies that had pawed and snuffed about its roots, of all the humble, human drama which had there been enacted, it joyously lifted to the sun score upon score of pinkish, yellow-mouthed little faces.

Popsy halted in perplexity. Something was amiss, but just what his fuddled senses could not make out. So he passed up the narrow opening in the rank growth which still marked the line of the old path. On the hollowed doorstone he paused again, gazed steadily but vacantly at the reeling door, then moved his hands across his eyes, as if brushing cobwebs away.

"Naomi! Naomi!" he called loudly.

But Naomi, in her silent, narrow chamber beneath a hill-side cedar, made no answer.

"Over to Carr's ag'in, I reckon, nussin' that sick baby!" he muttered.

He stepped inside. A few pine billets, bone-dry, still lay in the chimney-corner; and paring off some shavings with the hunting-knife which he had carried for half a century, he soon had a fire going, although it was not cold outside. He then drew up a block of gum which had served as a high-chair for all his babies, turned it on its side, and sat down.

"What in tar keeps Naomi!" he exclaimed impatiently, after a doze.

Presently, hearing a noise in the rear, he opened the door into the shed-room. Instead of his wife his startled gaze fell upon two horses, saddled and bridled, and tied to the pegs on which he used to hang his sides of venison. His cheeks flushed with indignation.

"By jickity, I'll wallop them boys fer that! Too lazy to take their hosses to the barn!" But a moment later, seated by the fire again, he had forgotten the incident.

In one corner of the room a triangular space had been inclosed by a partition of clapboards, rived from an oak log by Popsy's own hands, long, long ago. Presently the door of this closet swung noiselessly open, and a young man and a girl stepped softly out. For some moments they stood motionless, as if uncertain of their next move—the girl's tremulous hand on her companion's arm, her great, blue eyes shining with excitement. The youth watched the old man through narrowed, perplexed, but fearless eyes.

Finally Popsy turned on the gum so that his eyes fell upon the pair. He did not start, however, or seem to show any surprise.

"Jube, you been at that jug ag'in?" he demanded. "Now you go out and chop up a backlog for this fiyer or I'll hosswhip you. What gal you got thar?"

"This ain't Jube, Popsy," answered the youth. "This is Tidd, Jube's boy—your grandson. And this gal hyer is Tiony Yarrow. We run off to git marrit this mornin', but we can't git down the mounting, 'count the trails bein' ambushed. So we been hidin' hyer all day, and we kem out to ask you if you got any news."

The nonagenarian eyed them steadfastly for a moment. This strange blending of the past and the present was confusing to him. Yet he recognized Tidd, and presently the real situation took shape in his slow, old brain. As soon as it did so, he leaped to his feet, trembling with excitement.

"Tidd Flitt, air you got your license, all lawful-like?"

"I hev."

"Then, by jickity, *I'll* marry you!" shouted Popsy, leaping into the air and clicking his heels together—the customary prelude to a mountain fight. "I'm an ordained minister of the gospil, and I'll scatter the brains of any man on Little Thunder who says I ain't. I'll make you twain one quicker'n you kin say scat, and I won't ask no fee fer it 'ceptin' to kiss that purty bride."

The youthful elopers turned upon each other a pair of startled eyes.

Then a doubt crossed Tidd's face. "Popsy, do a preacher's right ter marry ever run out?" he asked. "You air

(Concluded on Page 25)

THE REAL LEISURE CLASS

People Who Don't Work in the Winter

By HARRISON RHODES

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRISON CADY

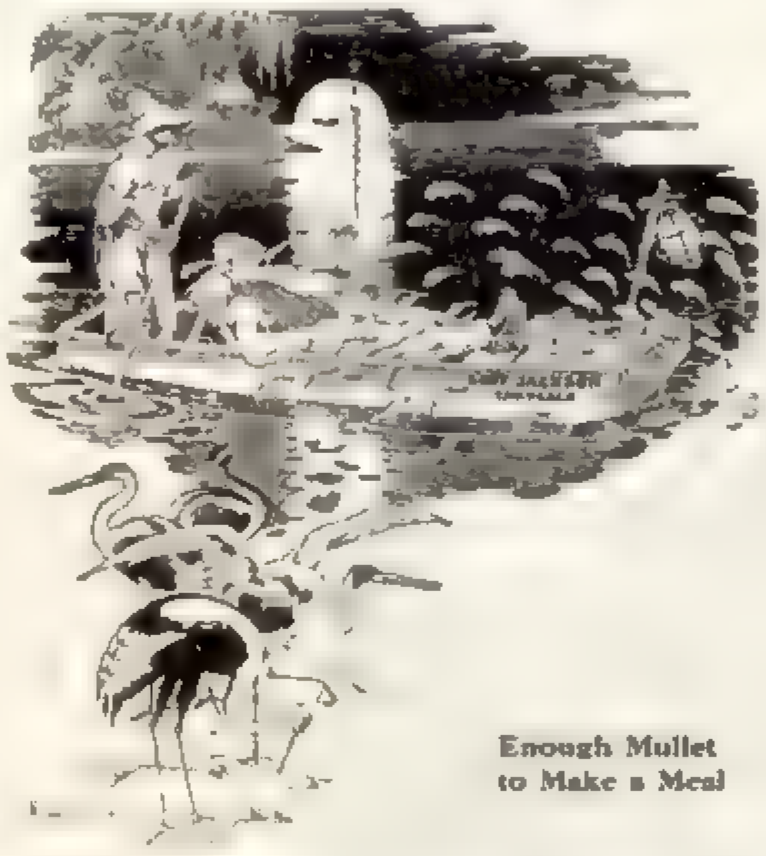
New York is a Poor Hunting-Ground in Which to Find the Leisure Class

FOR decades one of the favorite sports of the visiting foreigner in America has been hunting for the leisure class. That we possess no such class is an old discovery always new, a perennial delight to each fresh Columbus landing in the new world of our civilization. A thousand times has the fact been set down in the thousand books of travel which the same intelligent foreigner has from time immemorial written in appreciation or depreciation of us; a million times ten million in as many articles in the magazines or the Sunday supplements.

As a topic of conversation it will always carry one through a London dinner or here at home entertain the Britisher at our feasts.

And we ourselves, with emotions ranging from regret to pride, have admitted that we lack the leisure class. Certainly, in spite of some successful novelists of lively imagination, we cannot offer the splendid European spectacle of the idle. The country gentleman living among his peasantry, the white-haired but rakish old man at a club window in town, the beautiful youth who devotes even the morning hours to the service of the fair sex, all these we cannot match.

We have plenty of multi-millionaires and plenty of the unemployed, but we have not the idle rich. Nor have we anything comparable to the leisured poor, who, perfectly appointed in their only suit of clothes, lounge in the sun in the Roman Corso or on the Pincian Hill.



Enough Mullet to Make a Meal

New York, as at once our metropolis and our richest city, lying as she does at the gate that opens toward Europe, is the place where one might expect to find men with idle hours. And the intelligent foreigner, occasionally seeing, during the earlier hours of the day, old men, even young ones, wearing silk hats in the upper reaches of Fifth Avenue, thinks with an emotion of surprise and delight that he is at last on the trail of the leisure class. But investigation would show that the gentlemen are often merely going home from a funeral or a wedding, and are moderately ill at ease in their headgear. If the amusements of the rich in New York are occasionally a little frenzied it is because they really have so little time for relaxation. The spirit of commercial activity will not let them go. They are in business still, in spite of their money; continually at work except for an occasional trip abroad to avoid the district attorney or a scamper West to arrange some divorce or other. Our rich, like our poor, decline through the years to be Europeanized. In the fifty miles radius around New York they build English castles and manor-houses and French châteaux, but in them they lead American lives. The pheasants in their copses invite to gunnery, the long paths of the Italian garden suggest lounging with a good book in the pocket and a cigar in the mouth, the paraphernalia of leisure is displayed gorgeously before its owners—but when the 9:23 train comes along it takes them to town for a strenuous day. No, New York is a poor hunting-ground in which to find the leisure class. If any one thinks this a pity let him take an afternoon off, if he can, put a flower in his buttonhole, and be the class himself. There will be no competitors, unless perchance some indigent literary gentleman has a good-enough coat to venture into Fifth Avenue

If we were framing an American definition of what is meant by "a leisure class," perhaps the best we could do, considering conditions the country over, would be to say that it is people who don't need to work in the winter. Everybody gets summer vacations, often long ones. But to be idle in January is luxurious. The fact passes almost unnoticed that we have in America a large leisure class, by no means exclusively feminine, and mostly of pure American stock. New York is not to be searched for it nor the society columns of the newspapers. The leisure class, in its most characteristic condition and in its greatest numbers, originates not in the East, but in the Middle West—not in New York, New York; Boston, Massachusetts; nor Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, but in Joliet, Illinois; Norwalk, Ohio, and Paw Paw, Michigan. Instead of scouring Fifth Avenue let the foreign observer stroll pleasant mornings through the streets of the little towns in California or Florida where the thousands of our leisure class retire before the rigors of the Northern winter and where through long months they effectually prove their right to the title.

To Discuss the Price of Eggplant With Him

The leisure class is enormous, but it is not modeled on European fashions. It has no especial pretensions to social prominence. It is essentially and peculiarly a product of our native conditions. It is composed of quiet people who have made enough to live on in their small Northern towns and in the innumerable Southern corners where the sun lies warm in January. Let us take one of these cities of leisure—they are all much alike—and see just how America has worked out this old problem of what to do with the idle and retired.

The writer of this article sits at the moment in a Florida town, not especially noted in the railway folders, in no way mentioned in the wonderful news of fashionable happenings which is telegraphed North from the gay beaches. It has no manufacturing and no commerce. The surrounding region does nothing agriculturally except raise a few lean chickens, some razorbacks which run wild in the pine woods, and an intermittent and insufficient supply of fresh vegetables. The river and the sea are not fished in except in amateur fashion, yet, during the month just gone by, twenty-five thousand people were here—it is a real city of the leisure class.

No statistics are at hand, so we must for ourselves guess what part of these twenty-five thousand are working-people—that is, are one way and another engaged in ministering to the needs of the idle. Five thousand would seem to be a liberal estimate, taking into account the various merchants, hack-drivers, barbers, illustrated post-card dealers and domestic servants. It might be objected that five thousand, all domestic servants, would not be too ample a supply for twenty thousand people. But it must be remembered that many of the luxurious leisure class do not mind dispensing with "help" and doing their own work, and that there is in this idle community no social stigma attached to such simplicity of existence.

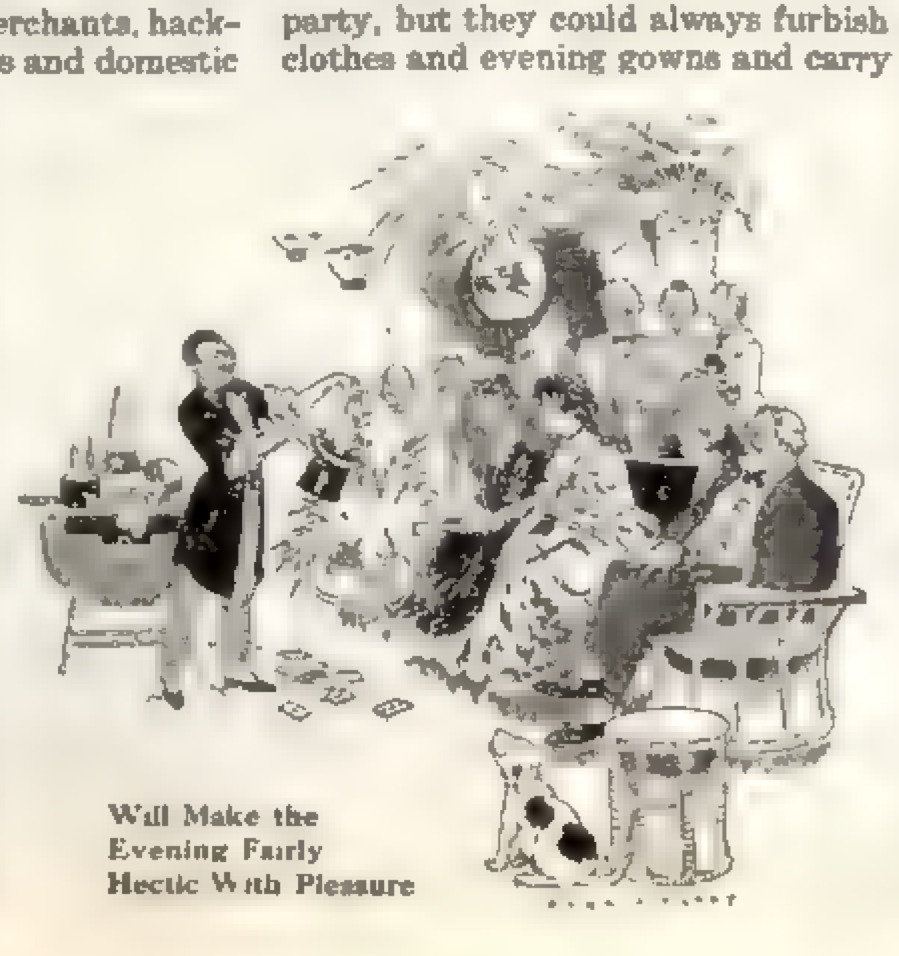
Twenty thousand leisurely people living on their incomes! Think of what hot invective might be directed against them if they were all multi-millionaires and lived in New York. Think how rainbow-hued inks would be spilled on the pages of the yellow journals in an effort to picture their fantastic pleasures. Think how socialists might attack them for living upon the unjust interest of their capital. But here, by blue waters, they live unnoticed.

Perhaps the most extraordinary thing about Tamocala—as we will call this American city of leisure—is that there is in it no poverty whatsoever. There are, of course, the richer and the poorer, but actual destitution is absolutely unknown. There is no charitable organization in the town, nor is any collection for the poor of Tamocala taken up in any of its many churches. The result is that it is terribly hard to find an object for the various affairs which beneficent and executive women, nevertheless, feel that they must organize. A few years ago they got up a dance to raise funds to build a stone wall around the burying-ground. Every one called it the Cemetery Ball, but nobody's feet were any the heavier for that, it seemed.

The nearest approach we have to a needy person is a gentle creature who drifted down from the North years ago, too ill, they said, to live. He has never been either strong or capable enough to work—as work is understood out in the world—but he has, somehow, always managed to exist among this kindly leisure class. He is a poet, and not so much worse than some in New York whom one would never dare to call half-witted. He often speaks to you in rhyme and is handsomely rewarded by fifteen cents for reciting a whole poem, which is cheap at the price. He fishes from the bridge and sleeps in a tiny green-painted kennel of a houseboat moored by the river-front. People are kind to him, even those who can find no pleasure in poetry. It is, for example, his immemorial perquisite to distribute handbills from house to house. Such small occupations furnish tea, coffee, and, in general, such things as cannot be caught on a hook or in a net. As to clothing, he wears at present a coat from a London tailor. Does it not all suggest a kind of pleasant Utopia where the leisure class will allow no poverty?

There is always, thanks to this capitalistic class, work for any one who wants it, at, at least, a living wage. Besides, we are near enough the tropics so that starvation can never actually threaten. If it did you could probably borrow a rowboat and a lantern. On a summer's evening you could drift comfortably, flat on your back, and enough mullet to make a meal would jump at the light set at the bow and so into the boat—or into your mouth if you so desired and were not too lazy to keep it open. Think what it means—a community in which there is actually no such thing as physical deprivation!

If proof were wanted that lack of money can be met with dignity, when public opinion is charitable, one ought for the moment to digress long enough to gather some of the legends of the various English communities which had money invested in Florida orange groves and found themselves, after the big freeze, penniless. They were most of them gently bred, even aristocrats, and the stories of their poverty are as romantic and amusing as a pleasant blend of Anthony Hope and Richard Harding Davis might be. There was often little food except fish and fruit for a dinner-party, but they could always furbish up threadbare dress clothes and evening gowns and carry the thing off as if it had been in Grosvenor Square or Surrey. When Bridge became fashionable in London, they heard of it and played it, for a twenty-fifth of a cent a point, and even then generally gave each other I O U's. When they actually got cash enough to buy the tickets they usually went home to England. But the memory lingers of poverty borne gallantly, gayly. Even now there are



Will Make the Evening Fairly Hectic With Pleasure

The Luxurious Leisure Class

stories of polo played in towns where none of the players has an annual income in actual hard cash equal to what one of those heroes in certain novels dealing with the metropolis would actually spend on a single lunch.

So much for the poor. Now for the rich. We have our millionaires—are we not twentieth-century America? But it is hard to tell them. The general sense of the community dictates simplicity of life, and there are not so many ways of spending money. Nobody has liveried servants, nor two men on the box, nor dry champagne. You may see a lady simply dressed come on foot to the grocer's to discuss the quality and price of eggplant with him, and you may find that to-morrow she goes North in a private car. The richest man in the world came to our town last winter—not Mr. Rockefeller, but a less advertised, they say wealthier, man. He had just the ordinary rooms in just the ordinary hotel. He rode to and fro in just the ordinary fifteen cent (twenty-five return) motorbus, and no one especially wondered why he had brought no automobile of his own.

So much for the rich. Of course, there is plenty of money in Tamocala. And as for motor-cars they say that no town in the world of its size has so many. Of other means of locomotion no one seems too poor to have something. Certainly, you can leave a bicycle anywhere without fear of its being stolen. So no one who wants one can be unable to possess one. But this is not being rich; it is only being a member of the leisure class.

The leisure class has a capital—often tiny (though there are a few people with real and important money). They are the small stockholders of the United States Steel and other trusts. Theirs is no predatory wealth, and it could do reformers at Washington no harm to think of them. They are, in a singularly characteristic American way, a solider and pleasanter proof of the real prosperity of the country than all the millionaires of Pittsburg and New York combined. Yet they are almost unknown. The intelligent foreigner passes them by. These few columns now devoted to them fade into nothingness compared with the millions of pages consecrated to rich men in the North, who are no true leisure class. These are the excuses for lingering on a picture, in quiet colors, with a charm of its own.

The leisure class has been largely responsible for the prosperity of Southern California, it has almost entirely built up Florida—and every one knows how amazing the development of these two States has been. But Florida, for example, is not supported by the brief rush of the busy rich people of New York, when special trains are put on and the newspapers shout loudly about the "season." It may be difficult in February to get accommodations on the sleeping cars of the Eastern roads, but it is nothing like so hard as it is to secure reservations on the trains that leave Chicago and Cincinnati in November and December. In New York they are too busy with their money ever to have leisure. You could make an argument that, in the small towns of the Middle West, they know how to get the worth of it.

The American leisure class, unlike the European, has no pretensions to fashion. Leisure, *per se*, confers no social distinction and imposes no obligations. If your dividends are cut down, or the store at home which you've turned over to the boys isn't paying as well as usual, you can cut down household expenses without any sense of shame. You just say carelessly that really it was more trouble having "that girl" around the house than it would be to do your own work, and as the "girl" had an aunt over at Palatka who was ill and she wanted to go and take care of her, you seized the opportunity, etc., etc. You can say all this and nobody will think any the worse of you. And, really, being without "help" is not much trouble when everybody has dinner in the middle of the day and a "sort of pick-up" supper at night. There is generally some place in town where you can get real good baker's stuff, home-made pies, and very often nice pans of cold Boston baked beans. Then, you know, canned things are wonderful nowadays. Really, it is not much trouble. Of course, if you had to get up that eight-o'clock dinner that the rich in New York have to have (probably because they are kept at it so late in Wall Street), to see that everything was hot, that the champagne was properly cooled, and that the supply of liqueurs and cigarettes had not been neglected—well, if you had to do all that! Thank fortune you belong to the leisure class! Thank Heaven you have no social position to worry about! Thank goodness you have not too much money! Thank your stars!

Yet, for all the simplicity and the lack of ostentation, Tamocala and its leisured people give occasional astonishing proofs that they have been of the world, and still are. For example, a while ago some one, writing in a literary magazine on the portraits of one of the greatest English poets, alluded with regret to the unaccountable disappearance of one painting, the original of several copies which were now the pride of famous houses in England, and of one rich collector in America. The magazine and the article somehow wandered to Tamocala. And where pray should this mysterious and lovely portrait of Byron be but hanging quiet and almost unnoticed on the drawing-room wall of a lady in our village! In ante-bellum days her father had bought it from the painter, who was one of those early Americans who won fame in England. During the war it had romantic adventures and was hidden by faithful friends and servants from the Yankee invaders of Tennessee. Then it came to Florida. And it is a better portrait of the poet than any New York plutocrat can hope to have.

To Avoid the District Attorney

It would be equally astonishing to learn that various bids made of late for books on Egyptian archæology in the London auction-rooms by a distinguished gentleman from the British Museum were really on behalf of the woman's club of Tamocala! Certainly, it astonished the gentleman at the museum when an enterprising and attractive member sought him out and asked him for advice on the club's course of reading. In English country towns, where unpretentious people live on a competence, they are not very hot on the trail of Egyptian archæology. For us it may even have its comic side. The woman's club, after the manner of its kind, has probably forgotten Egypt by now, and may conceivably be dealing with the Rise of the

(Concluded on Page 29)

THE KING OF DIAMONDS

By Jacques Futrelle

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

IV

DORIS looked down in great, dry-eyed horror upon the body of this withered old man whom she had loved, and the thin thread of life within her all but snapped. It had come; the premonition of disaster had been fulfilled; the last of her blood had been sacrificed to the mercilessly glittering diamonds—father, brother and now him! Mr. Wynne's face went white, and his teeth closed fiercely; he had loved this old man, too; then the shock passed, and he turned anxiously to Doris to receive the limp, inert figure in his arms. She had fainted.

"Well, what do *you* know about it?" inquired Chief Arkwright abruptly.

Mr. Wynne was himself again instantly—the calm, self-certain, perfectly poised young man of affairs. He glanced at the Chief, then shot a quick, inquiring look at Mr. Czenki. Almost imperceptibly the diamond expert shook his head. Then Mr. Wynne's eyes turned upon Mr. Birnes. There had been triumph in the detective's face until that moment, but, under the steady, meaning glare which was directed at him, triumph faded to a sort of wonder, followed by a vague sense of uneasiness, and he read a command in the fixed eyes—a command to silence. Curiously enough it reminded him that he was in the employ of Mr. Latham, and that there were certain business secrets to be protected. He regarded the Coroner's physician, hastily summoned for a perfunctory examination.

"Well?" demanded the Chief again.

"Nothing—of this," replied Mr. Wynne. "I think, Doctor," and he addressed the physician, "that she needs you more than he does. We know what's the matter."

The physician arose obediently. Mr. Wynne gathered up the slender, still figure in his arms, and bore it away to another room. The doctor bent over Doris, and tested the fluttering heart.

"Only shock," he said finally, when he looked up. "She'll come around all right in a little while."

"Thank God!" the young man breathed softly.

He stooped and pressed reverent lips to the marble-white brow, then straightened up and, after one long, lingering look at her, turned quickly and left the room.

"I have no statement to make," Mr. Czenki was saying, in that level, unemotional way of his, when Mr. Wynne reëntered the room where lay the dead.

"We are to assume that you are guilty, then?" demanded Chief Arkwright curtly.

"I have nothing to say," replied the expert. His gaze met that of Mr. Wynne for a moment, then settled on the venerable face of the old man.

"Guilty?" interposed Mr. Wynne quickly. "Guilty of what?"

Chief Arkwright, without speaking, waved his hand toward the body on the floor. There was a flash of amazement in the young man's face, a subtle bewilderment; the diamond expert's countenance was expressionless.

"You don't deny that you killed him?" persisted the Chief accusingly.

"I have nothing to say," said the expert again.

"And you don't deny that you were Red Haney's accomplice?"

"I have nothing to say," was the monotonous answer.

The Chief shrugged his shoulders impatiently. Some illuminating thought shone for an instant in Mr. Wynne's clear eyes, and he nodded as if a question in his mind had been answered.

"Perhaps, Chief, there may be some mistake?" he protested half-heartedly. "Perhaps this gentleman—what motive would ——"

"There's motive enough," interrupted the Chief brusquely. "We have this man's description straight from his accomplice, Red Haney, even to the scar on his face, and——" He paused abruptly, and regarded Mr. Wynne through half-closed lids. "By the way," he continued deliberately, "who are *you?* What do *you* know about it?"

"I am Mr. Wynne—Mr. E. van Cortlandt Wynne," was the ready response. "I am directly interested in this case through a long-standing friendship for Mr. Kellner here, and through the additional fact that his granddaughter in the adjoining room is soon to become my wife." There was a little pause. "I may add that I live in New York, and that Miss Kellner has been stopping there for several days. She has been accustomed to hearing from her grandfather at least once a day by telephone, but she was unable to get an answer yesterday or to-day, so she came to my home, and we came here."

Mr. Birnes looked up quickly. It had suddenly occurred to him to wonder as to the whereabouts of Claflin and Sutton, who had been on watch at the Thirty-seventh Street house. The young man interpreted the expression of his face aright, and favored him with a meaning glance.

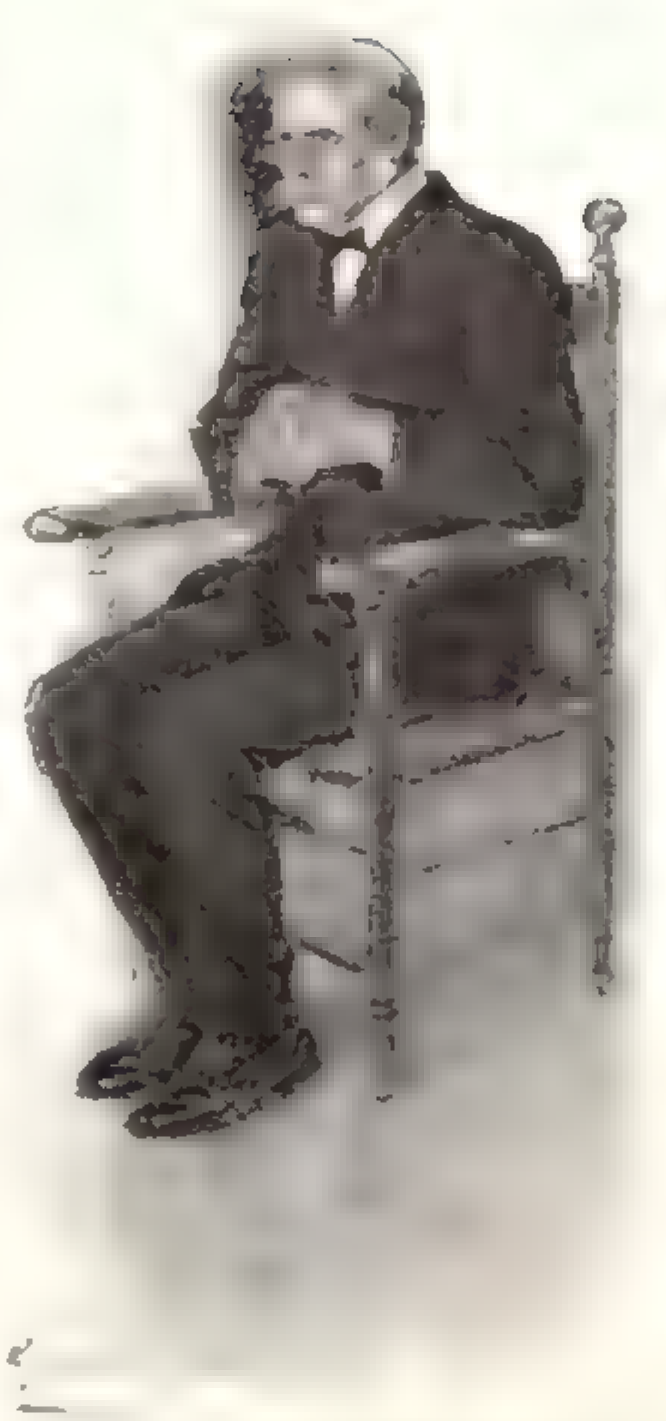
"We came alone," he supplemented.

Mr. Birnes silently pondered it.

"All that being true," Chief Arkwright suggested tentatively, "perhaps you can give us some information as to the diamonds that were stolen? How much were they worth? How many were there?" He held up the uncut stones which had been found on the floor.

"I don't know the exact number," was the reply. "Their value, I should say, was about sixty thousand dollars. Except for this little house, and the grounds adjoining, practically all of Mr. Kellner's estate was invested in diamonds. Those you have there are part of an accumulation of many years, imported in the rough, one or two at a time."

Mr. Czenki was gazing abstractedly out of a window, but the expression on his lean face indicated the keenest interest, and—and something else: apprehension, maybe.



His Beady Eyes Were Fastened Immovably on Chief Arkwright's

The Chief stared straight into the young man's eyes for an instant, and then:

"And Mr. Kellner's family?" he inquired.

"There is no one, except his granddaughter Doris."

Some change, sudden as it was pronounced, came over the Chief, and his whole attitude altered. He dropped into a chair near the door.

"Have a seat, Mr. Wynne," he invited courteously, "and let's understand this thing clearly. Over there, please," and he indicated a chair partially facing that in which Mr. Czenki sat.

Mr. Wynne sat down.

"Now you don't seem to believe," the Chief went on pleasantly "that Mr. Czenki here killed Mr. Kellner?"

"Well, no," the young man admitted.

Mr. Czenki glanced at him quickly, warningly. The Chief was not looking, but he knew the glance had passed. "And *why* don't you believe it?" he continued.

"In the first place," Mr. Wynne began without hesitation, "the diamonds were worth only about sixty thousand dollars, and Mr. Czenki here draws a salary of twenty-five thousand dollars a year. The proportion is wrong, you see. Again, Mr. Czenki is a man of unquestioned integrity. As diamond expert of the Henry Latham Company he handles millions of dollars' worth of precious stones each year, and has practically unlimited opportunities for theft, without murder, if he were seeking to steal. He has been with that company for several years, and that fact alone is certainly to his credit."

"Very good," commented the Chief ambiguously. He paused an instant to study this little man with an interest aroused by the sum of his salary. "And what of Haney's description? His accusation?" he asked.

"Haney might have lied, you know," retorted Mr. Wynne. "Men in his position have been known to lie."

"I understood you to say," the Chief resumed, heedless of the note of irony in the other's voice, "that you and Miss Kellner are to be married?"

"Yes."

"And that she is the only heir of her grandfather?"

"Yes."

"Therefore, at his death, the diamonds would become her property?"

For one instant Mr. Wynne seemed startled, and turned his clear eyes full upon his interrogator, seeking the hidden meaning.

"Yes, but ——" he began slowly.

"That's true, isn't it?" demanded the Chief, with quick violence.

"Yes, that's true," Mr. Wynne admitted calmly.

"Therefore, indirectly, it would have been to *your* advantage if Mr. Kellner had died or had been killed?"

"In that the diamonds would have come to my intended wife, yes," was the reply.

Mr. Czenki clasped and unclasped his thin hands nervously. His face was again expressionless, and the beady eyes were fastened immovably on Chief Arkwright's. Mr. Birnes was frankly amazed at this unexpected turn of the affair. Suddenly Chief Arkwright brought his hand down on the arm of his chair with a bang.

"Suppose, for the moment, that Red Haney lied, and that Mr. Czenki is *not* the murderer, then—— As a matter of fact *your* salary *isn't* twenty-five thousand a year, is it?"

He was on his feet now, with blazing eyes, and one hand was thrust accusingly into Mr. Wynne's face. It was simulation; Mr. Birnes understood it; a police method of exhausting possibilities. There was not the slightest movement by Mr. Wynne to indicate uneasiness at the charge, not a tremor in his voice when he spoke again.

"I understand perfectly, Chief," he remarked coldly. "Just what was the time of the crime, may I ask?"

"Answer my question," insisted the Chief thunderously.

"Now look here, Chief," Mr. Wynne went on frigidly. "I am not a child to be frightened into making any absurd statements. I do *not* draw a salary of twenty-five thousand a year, no. I am in business for myself, and make more than that. You may satisfy yourself by examining the books in my office if you like. By intimation, at least, you are accusing me of murder. Now answer me a question, please. What was the time of the crime?"

The Chief dropped back into his chair with the utmost complacency. This was not the kind of man with whom mere bluster counted.

"Haney says Saturday morning," he answered. "The Coroner's physician agrees with that."

"Yesterday morning," Mr. Wynne mused; then, after a moment: "I think, Chief, you know Mr. Birnes here? And that you would accept a statement of his as correct?"

"Yes," the Chief agreed with a glance at Mr. Birnes.

"Mr. Birnes, where was I all day Saturday?" Mr. Wynne queried, without so much as looking around at him.

"You were in your house from eleven o'clock Friday night until fifteen minutes of nine o'clock Saturday morning," was the response. "You left there at that time, and took the surface car at Thirty-fourth Street to your office. You left your office at five minutes of one, took luncheon alone at the Savarin, and returned to your office at two o'clock. You remained there until five, or a few minutes past, then returned home. At night you ——"

"Is that sufficient?" interrupted Mr. Wynne. "Does that constitute an alibi?"

Chief Arkwright seemed to be puzzled. He glanced from Mr. Birnes to Mr. Wynne, then back again.

"Yes," he admitted; "but how do you know all this, Birnes?"

"Mr. Birnes and the men of his agency have favored me with the most persistent attentions during the last few days," Mr. Wynne continued promptly. "He has had two men constantly on watch at my office, day and night, and two others constantly on watch at my home, day and night. There are two there now—one in a rear room of the basement, and another in the pantry, with the doors locked on the outside. Their names are Claflin and Sutton."

So, that was it! It came home to Mr. Birnes suddenly. Claflin and Sutton had been tricked into the house on some pretext, and locked in! Confound their stupidity!

"Why are they locked up?" demanded the Chief, with kindling interest. "Why have you been watched?"

"I think, perhaps, Mr. Birnes will agree with me when I say that that has nothing whatever to do with this crime," replied Mr. Wynne easily.

"That's for me to decide," declared the Chief bluntly.

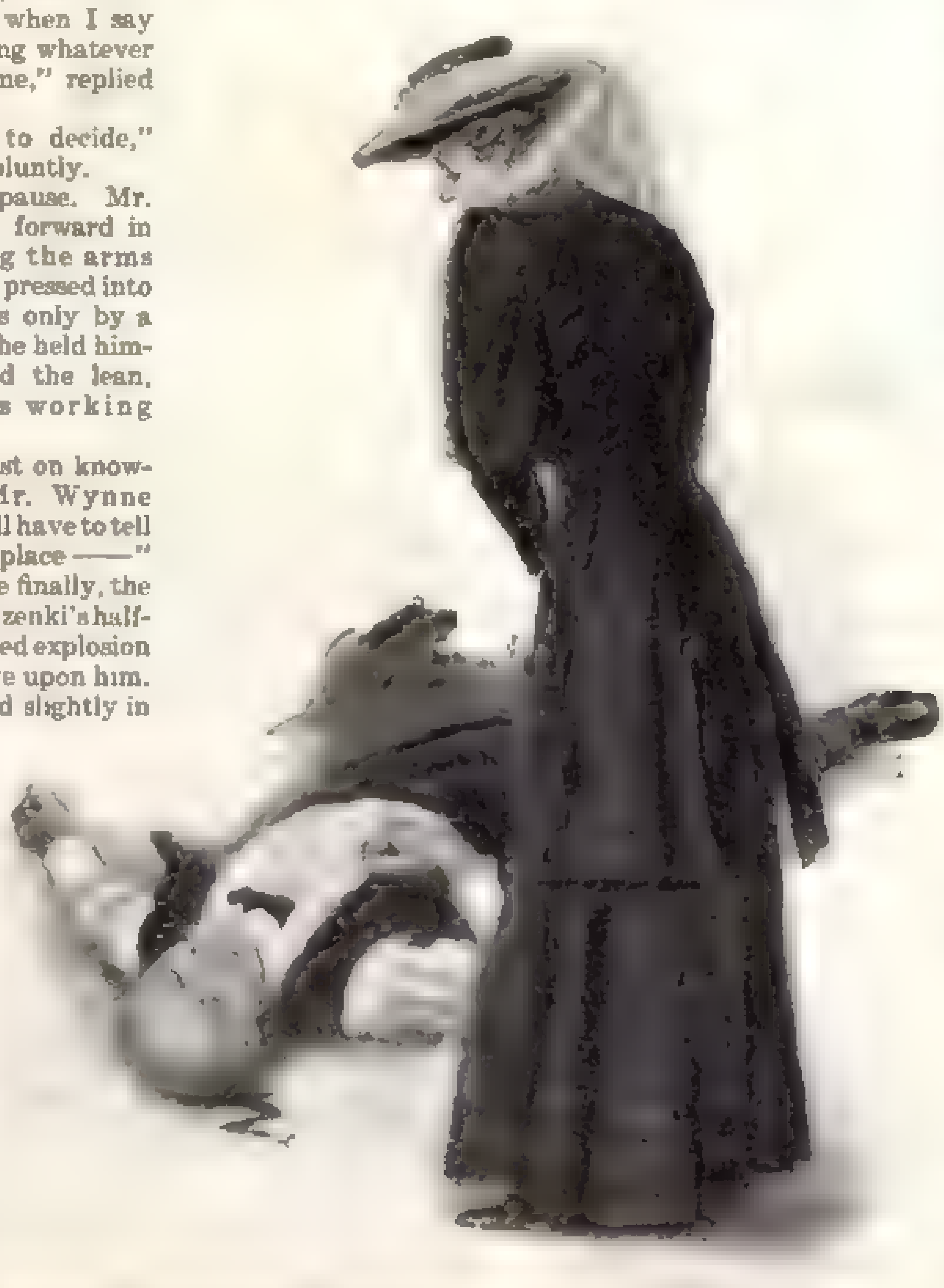
There was a long pause. Mr. Czenki was leaning forward in his chair, gripping the arms fiercely, with his lips pressed into a thin line. It was only by a supreme effort that he held himself in control; and the lean, scarred face was working strangely.

"Well, if you insist on knowing," observed Mr. Wynne slowly, "I suppose I'll have to tell all of it. In the first place ——"

"*Don't!*" It came finally, the one word, from Mr. Czenki's half-closed lips, a smothered explosion which drew every eye upon him.

Mr. Wynne turned slightly in his chair and regarded the diamond expert with an expression of astonishment on his face. The beady, black eyes were all aglitter with the effort of repression, and some intangible message flashed in them.

"In the first place," resumed Mr. Wynne, as if there had been no interruption, "Mr. Kellner here ——"



The Last of Her Blood Had Been Sacrificed to the Mercilessly Glittering Diamonds

"Don't!" the expert burst out again desperately. "Don't! It means absolute ruin!"

"Mr. Kellner had those diamonds—about sixty thousand dollars' worth of them," Mr. Wynne continued distinctly. "Mr. Kellner decided to sell some diamonds. One of the quickest and most satisfactory methods of selling rough gems, such as those you have in your hand, Chief, is to offer them directly to the men who deal in them. I went to Mr. Henry Latham, and other jewelers of New York, on behalf of Mr. Kellner, and offered them a quantity of diamonds. It may be that they regarded the quantity I offered as unusual; that I don't know, but I would venture the conjecture that they did."

He paused a moment. Mr. Czenki's face, again grown expressionless, was turned toward the light of the window; Chief Arkwright was studying it shrewdly.

"Diamond merchants, of course, have to be careful," the young man went on smoothly. "They can't afford to buy whatever is offered by people whom they don't know. They had reason, too, to believe that I was not acting for myself alone. What was more natural, therefore, than that they should have called in Mr. Birnes, and the men of his agency, to find out about me, and, if possible, to find out whom I represented, so they might locate the supply? I wouldn't tell them, because it was not desirable that they should deal directly with Mr. Kellner, who was old and childish, and lacking, perhaps, in appreciation of the real value of diamonds.

"The result of all this was that the diamond dealers placed me under strict surveillance. My house was watched; my office was watched. My mail, going and coming, was subjected to scrutiny; my telephone calls were traced; telegrams opened and read. I had anticipated all this, of course, and was in communication with Mr. Kellner here only by carrier-pigeons." He glanced meaningly at Mr. Birnes, who was utterly absorbed in the recital. "Those carrier-pigeons were not exchanged by express, because the records would have furnished a clew to Mr. Birnes' men; I personally took them back and forth in a suitcase before I approached Mr. Latham with the original proposition."

He was giving categorical answers to a few of the multitude of questions to which Mr. Birnes had been seeking answers. The tense expression about Mr. Czenki's eyes was dissipated, and he sighed a little.

"I saw the Red Haney affair in the newspapers this morning, as you will know," he continued after a moment. "It was desirable that I should come here with Miss Kellner, but it was not desirable, even under those circumstances, that I should permit myself to be followed. That's how it happens that Mr. Claflin and Mr. Sutton are now locked up in my house." Again there was a pause. "Mr. Birnes, I know, will be glad to confirm my statement of the case in so far as his instructions from Mr. Latham and the other gentlemen interested bear on it?"

Chief Arkwright glanced at the detective inquiringly.

"That's right," Mr. Birnes admitted with an uncertain nod—"that is, so far as my instructions go. I understood, though, that the diamonds were worth more than sixty thousand dollars; in fact, that there might have been a million dollars' worth of them."

"A million dollars!" repeated Chief Arkwright in amazement. "A million dollars!" he repeated. He turned fiercely upon Mr. Wynne. "What about that?" he demanded.

"I'm sure I don't know what Mr. Birnes *understood*," replied the young man, with marked emphasis. "But it's preposterous on the face of it, isn't it? Would a man with a million dollars' worth of diamonds live in a hovel like this?"

The Chief considered the matter reflectively for a minute or more, the while his keen eyes alternately searched the faces of Mr. Wynne and Mr. Czenki.

"It would depend on the man, of course," he said at last. And then some new idea was born within him. "Your direct connection with the crime seems to be disproven, Mr. Wynne," he remarked slowly; "and if we admit *his* innocence," he jerked a thumb at the expert, "there remains yet another view-point. Do you see it?"

The young man turned upon him quickly.

"Does it occur to you that every argument I advanced to furnish you with a motive for the crime might be applied with equal weight against—against Miss Kellner?"

"Doris!" flamed Mr. Wynne. For the first time his perfect self-possession deserted him, and he came to his feet with gripping hands. "Why—why——! What are you talking about?"

"Sit down," advised the Chief quietly.

Mr. Czenki glanced at them once uneasily, then resumed his fixed stare out of the window.

"Sit down," said the Chief again.

Mr. Wynne glared at him for an instant, then dropped back into his chair. His hands were clenched desperately, and a slight flush in his clean-cut face showed the fight he was making to restrain himself.

"All the property this old man owned, including the diamonds, would become her property in the event of his death—or murder," the Chief added mercilessly. "That's true, isn't it?"

"But when she entered this room her every act testified to her innocence," Mr. Wynne burst out passionately.

The Chief shrugged his shoulders.

"She has been living at a little hotel in Irving Place," the young man rushed on. "The people there can satisfy you as to her whereabouts on Saturday?"

Again the Chief shrugged his shoulders.

"And remember, please, that the best answer to all that is that Haney had the diamonds!"

"It doesn't necessarily follow, Mr. Wynne," said the other steadily, "that she committed the crime with her own hands. It comes down simply to this: If there were *only* sixty thousand dollars' worth of diamonds then the one motive which Gzenki might have had is eliminated; because Haney had practically fifty thousand dollars' worth of them, and here are some others. There would have been no share for your expert here. And again, if there were only sixty thousand dollars' worth of the diamonds you or Miss Kellner would have been the only persons to benefit by this death."

"But Haney had those!" protested Mr. Wynne.

"Just what I'm saying," agreed the other complacently. "Therefore there *were* more than sixty thousand dollars' worth. However we look at it, whoever may have been Haney's accomplice, that point seems settled."

"Or else Haney lied," declared Mr. Wynne flatly. "If Haney came here alone, killed this old man and stole the diamonds there would be none of these questions, would there?"

Mr. Birnes, who had listened silently, arose suddenly and left the room. Mr. Wynne's last suggestion awakened a new train of thought in the police official's mind, and he considered it silently for a moment. Finally he shook his head.

"The fact remains," he said, as if reassuring himself, "that Haney described an accomplice, that that description fits Czenki perfectly, that Czenki has refused to defend himself or even make a denial; that he has drawn suspicion upon himself by everything he has done and said since he has been here, even by the strange manner of his appearance at this house. Therefore, there were more diamonds, and he got his share of them."

"Hello!" came in Mr. Birnes' voice from the hall. "Give me 21845 River, New York. . . . Yes. . . . Is Mr. Latham there? . . . Yes, Mr. Henry Latham . . ."

Again Mr. Wynne's self-possession forsook him, and he came to his feet, evidently with the intention of interrupting that conversation. He started forward, with gritting teeth, and simultaneously Chief Arkwright, Detective-Sergeant Connelly and Mr. Czenki laid restraining hands upon him. Something in the expert's grip on his wrist caused him to stop, and cease a futile struggle; then came a singular expression of resignation about the mouth and he sat down again.

"Hello! This Mr. Latham? . . . This is Detective Birnes. . . . I've been able to locate some diamonds, but it's necessary to know something of the quantity of those you mentioned. You remember Mr. Schultze said something about . . . Yes. . . . Yes. . . . Oh, there *were?* . . . Unexpected developments, yes. . . . I'll call and see you to-night about eight. . . . Yes. . . . Good-by!"

Mr. Birnes reëntered the room, his face aglow with triumph. Mr. Wynne glanced almost hopelessly at Mr. Czenki, then turned again to the detective.

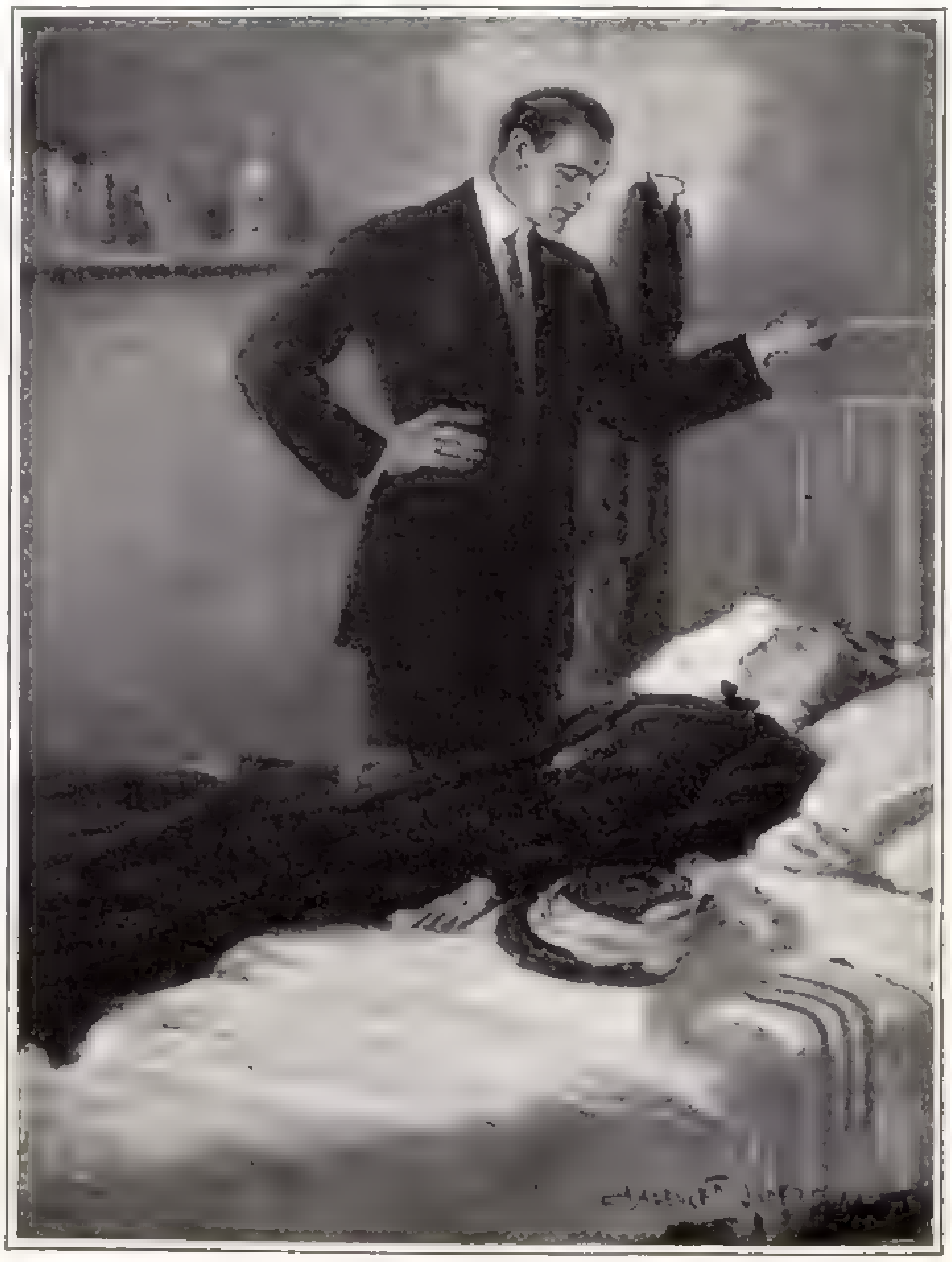
"I should say there *were* more than sixty thousand dollars' worth of them," Mr. Birnes blurted. "There were at least a million dollars' worth. Mr. Schultze intimated as much to me; now Mr. Latham confirms it."

Chief Arkwright turned and glared scowlingly upon the diamond expert. The beady, black eyes were aglint with some emotion which he failed to read.

"Where are they, Czenki?" demanded the Chief harshly.

"I have nothing to say," replied Mr. Czenki softly.

"So your disappearance Friday night, and your absence all day yesterday, did have to do with this old man's death?" said the Chief, directly accusing him.



One Long, Lingering Look

"I have nothing to say," murmured Mr. Czenki.

"That settles it, gentlemen," declared the Chief with an air of finality. "Czenki, I charge you with the murder of Mr. Kellner here. Anything you may say will be used against you. Come along, now; don't make any trouble."

. . . .

Fairly drunk with excitement, his lean face, usually expressionless, now flushed and working strangely, and his beady, black eyes aglitter, Mr. Czenki reeled into the study where Mr. Latham and Mr. Schultze sat awaiting Mr. Birnes. He raised one hand, enjoining silence, closed the door, locked it and placed the key in his pocket, after which he turned upon Mr. Latham.

"He *makes* them, man! *He makes them!*" he burst out between gritting teeth. "Don't you understand? *He makes them!*"

Mr. Latham, astonished and a little startled, came to his feet; the phlegmatic German sat still, staring at the expert without comprehension. Mr. Czenki's thin fist was clenched under his employer's nose, and the jeweler drew back a little, vaguely alarmed.

"I don't understand what ——" he began.

"The diamonds!" Mr. Czenki interrupted, and the long-pent-up excitement within him burst into a flame of impatience. "The diamonds! He makes them! Don't you see? Diamonds! He *manufactures* them!"

"*Gott in Himmel!*" exclaimed Mr. Schultze, and it was anything but an irreverent ejaculation. He arose. "Der miracle has come to pass! Ve might haf known! Ve might haf known!"

"Millions and millions of dollars' worth of them, even *billions*, for all we know," the expert rushed on in incoherent violence. "A sum greater than all the combined wealth of the world in the hands of one man! Think of it!" Mr. Latham only gazed at him blankly, and he turned instinctively to the one who understood—Mr. Schultze. "Think of the mind that achieved it, man!"

He collapsed into a chair and sat looking at the floor, his fingers writhing within one another, muttering to himself. Mr. Latham was a cold, sane, unimaginative man of business. As yet the full import of it all hadn't reached him. He stared dumbly, first at Mr. Czenki, then at Mr. Schultze. There was not even incredulity in the look, only faint amazement that two such well-balanced men should have gone mad at once. At last the German importer turned upon him flatly.

"Why don'd you ged egzited aboud id, Laadham?" he demanded. "He iss all righd, nod crazy," he added with whimsical assurance. "He iss delling you dat dose diamonds are *made*—made like doughnuds, mitoud der hole; manufactured, pud togedher. Don'd you ged id?"

He ran off into guttural German expletives; and slowly, slowly the idea began to dawn upon Mr. Latham. The diamonds Mr. Wynne had shown were not real, then; they were artificial! It was some sort of a swindle! Of course! But the experts had agreed that they were diamonds—real diamonds! Perhaps they had been deceived, or—By George! Did these two men mean to say that they were real diamonds, but that they were *manufactured?* Mr. Latham's tidy little imagination balked at that. Absurd! Whoever heard of a diamond as big as the Kohinoor, or the Regent, or the Orloff being made? They were crazy—the pair of them!

"Do I understand," he demanded in a tone of deliberate annoyance, "that you, Czenki, and you, Schultze, expect me to believe that those diamonds we saw were not natural, but *were* real diamonds turned out by machinery in a—in a diamond factory? Is that what you are driving at?"

"*Das iss!*" declared the German bluntly. "Id vas coming in dime, Laadham, id vas coming, of course. Und I haf always noticed dat whatever iss coming does come."

"Made, made—made as you make marbles," Mr. Czenki repeated monotonously. "Yes, it had to come, but—but imagine the insuperable difficulties that one brain had to surmount!" He passed a thin hand across his flushed brow, and was thoughtfully silent.

"I don't believe it," asserted Mr. Latham tartly. "It's impossible! I don't believe it!" And he sat down.

"Id don'd madder much whedher you belief id or nod," remarked the German in a tone of resignation. "If id iss, id iss. Und all dose diamonds in your place und mine are nod worth much more by der bushel as potatoes."

Mr. Latham turned away from him, half angrily, and glared at the expert, who was still regarding the floor.

"What do you know about this, anyway, Czenki?" he demanded. "How do you *know* he makes them? Have you *seen* him make them?"

Thus directly addressed Mr. Czenki looked up, and the living flame of wonder within his eyes flickered and died. In silence, for a minute or more, he studied the open skepticism in his employer's face, and then, slowly:

"Do you know what diamonds are, Mr. Latham?"

"There is some theory that they are pure carbon, crystallized."

"They are that," declared the expert impatiently. "You know that diamonds have been made?"

"Oh, I've read something about it, yes; but what I ——"

"Every schoolboy knows how to make a diamond, Mr. Latham. If pure carbon is heated to approximately five thousand degrees Fahrenheit, and simultaneously subjected to a pressure of approximately six thousand tons to the

(Continued on Page 26)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 9, 1909

Our Unmuzzled Press

THE press cannot be muzzled. Such is the issue of this regrettable Panama Canal squabble. Some free and fearless journals will continue to inquire who got that forty millions. They will not accuse anybody, but merely suggest that the White House cellar ought to be searched. Scrupulously abstaining from making a charge except upon documentary proof, they will print letters from Veritas and Old Subscriber asking whether it's true that a celebrated resident of Oyster Bay bought thirty-nine million dollars' worth of real estate the day after the money left the Treasury.

If anybody expostulates their impassioned reply will be that a free press is essential to a free government. The Constitution guarantees freedom of the press. In defense of that freedom it is the sacred duty of the farmer, should need arise, to embattle himself once more and fire shots heard around the world.

The farmer will do it; but it may make him sore to reflect that, while he bleeds and dies to keep anybody else from muzzling the press, the press occasionally and with the utmost cheerfulness muzzles itself—for example, when it suppresses the truth to aid a political campaign. "A marked change in the attitude of the daily press is noted since the Retail Merchants' Association, composed of owners of the department stores, had a conference with proprietors of the newspapers," said a financial organ recently.

To leave spring plowing for military operations in defense of the liberty of that press might annoy the farmer.

Building Up the Cities

BY CONTRAST with 1907 building operations are booming. Permits issued in ninety cities during November show an increase of a hundred and thirty-three per cent over 1907. These later gains wiped out earlier losses, so that building in cities was about as great in 1908 as in 1907. Attracted by lower prices for materials and labor the necessary capital was forthcoming.

In fifty leading cities the buildings undertaken in 1908 involved an outlay of five hundred million dollars, or nearly the same as in 1907. Probably this, while below the 1906 record, is about normal for fairly good times. In all typical cases the new city structure replaces several old ones. How many millions were spent in constructing the buildings that were torn down we have no means of knowing; nor how long, on an average, the new ones will stand before giving place to others.

But it does seem that we are working around to a condition bordering upon permanence in city building; that many structures now being erected will live out their natural lives. Until rather recently, while other people aimed at permanence, our ideal seemed to be to put 'em up with collapsible joints, so they could be taken down with neatness and dispatch when we wanted to build over again.

The Corn Crop and the Clerk

SECRETARY WILSON'S report that agricultural products in 1908 were worth seven and three-quarter billion dollars, breaking all records, pleases everybody.

Not only the corn but also the wheat crop was the most valuable ever raised. The former, in bushels, was nearly one-half larger than the average of the eight years 1892–99; but it was worth almost three times as much as the average of those years. In quantity the wheat yield exceeds the 1892–99 average by nearly a third; but its value is more than double the 1892–99 average. The cotton crop also is twice as valuable as in those years. This pleases everybody. It means that, as compared with ten years ago, a fifth or so of the total population is decidedly better off. Its increased power to spend and consume cheers manufacturer, carrier and middleman.

Especially as to grain-growers, it means, essentially, that the farmer is getting higher wages. We are paying him something like twice as much to raise a bushel of grain, and are happy to do it. We find that the better off he is, the better off we are.

Wages to other producers—laborers, manual or clerical—are often foolishly regarded as though they belonged in a different category. But their prosperity, too, is our prosperity. The better off they are, the better off the country is. Any fool country can produce multi-millionaires, and does it. To get the money increasingly into the hands of the mass of the people is the real trick.

Generally speaking, whenever wages go up anywhere we gain a little toward that goal.

The One Chance for Democrats

THE critics, said amiable Disraeli, are those who have failed in art and literature. He might have added, "and in politics."

Governor Johnson sensationally prophesies that the Democrats will elect a President some time. We doubt that they can do it by merely criticising the Republicans. The popular vote last November, according to a press summary, was six per cent larger than in 1896; but relatively to population it was smaller than then by nearly three million. This suggests that, of men entitled to vote, about one out of six abstained from voting—a high percentage.

The five minor parties polled less than six per cent of the total vote—a proportion smaller than in 1904. Evidently, people propose to vote for somebody who stands a chance of being elected. They have a choice between the Republicans and the party whose policy, as exemplified in the last three campaigns, is mostly mere criticism of the Republicans. About a sixth of the electorate find this choice so little attractive that they do not vote at all. They are the same complex of selfishness and altruism that most of us are.

If Governor Johnson can sound a call which will reach them he may make his prophecy more specific, and say that the Democrats stand a good chance to elect a President of Scandinavian descent and angular form in 1912.

The Modest Profits of Steel-Makers

LET no Steel Corporation stockholder lose heart over Mr. Schwab's exposition before the Ways and Means Committee of the increased cost of making rails. The corporation owns all the processes of production. If it pays more for pig iron, the payment goes to itself. As a matter of fact, the proportion of manufacturing cost and operating expenses to gross receipts was almost the same in 1907—the year of highest prices for materials and labor—as in 1902, and the net operating profit per ton of steel produced was almost the same.

Nor need anybody else share Chairman Gary's fear that reduction of steel duties would necessitate reduction of wages—since the duty exceeds the whole labor cost. In the six years for which complete reports are at hand the operating profits of the corporation have exceeded its total payments for wages and salaries by more than a hundred million dollars. After paying all expenses, taxes, interest and seven per cent on the preferred stock, the residue—accruing mainly to the benefit of the common stock, which was all water—has amounted to almost half as much as the total payments for wages and salaries.

The corporation has been running a little less than eight years, during which period its profits from operation have amounted to eleven hundred million dollars. This sum includes a large margin which might very properly and justly be trenched upon before anything was said about reducing wages.

An International Paper Dollar

SECRETARY CORTELYOU, in his report to Congress, adopts a suggestion already made abroad that there should be a sort of world's clearing-house committee, to supervise international finance and modernize payments between nations. This will come about some time and make for peace.

The Government banks of Europe and the Treasury of the United States hold three billions of gold. Upon this hoard of metal the business and credit of the world practically rest; but the metal itself is seldom touched. In all ordinary transactions it is represented by a piece of paper. The New York banks, for example, report that they hold three hundred millions of gold; but over nine-tenths of this is paper certificates. The actual metal is used, generally speaking, only in international transactions. There is no need to use it even there. Last year we shipped overseas two hundred and twenty millions of gold ·importing a hundred and forty-eight millions, exporting seventy-two millions. This involves risk of loss by shipwreck, expense of transportation, loss of interest and loss by abrasion.

Payments between individuals were made in metal when nobody would trust anybody else very far. Everybody demanded a coin that he could weigh, ring and bite. For the same reason payments between nations are still made in metal. We will not take France's certificates for gold; France will not take ours—which is exceedingly silly.

Secretary Cortelyou suggests a form of certificate for gold which will be accepted everywhere. Such certificates will be symbols of trust among nations. The more trust, the less emulation in the Dreadnaught line.

Nobody to Keep Down the Bills

THE unhappy position of Government finances attracts much attention. In 1907 expenditures exceeded income by fifty-eight millions. For 1908, according to the Treasury estimate, the deficit will be a hundred and fourteen millions, and this year a hundred and forty-three millions. These figures are surprising to the ordinary man, who is accustomed to finding out whether he is actually going to have the money before he obligates himself to spend it.

The United States is not represented in Congress. Only States and Congressional districts are represented. Each district wants as much river and harbor improvement and as many public buildings as possible. There is really nobody in the position of an English Chancellor of the Exchequer to balance total outgo against total income, and say how much may be spent. In a generation our Government expenditures have increased fourfold, while population has not quite doubled. The trouble is that obvious, tangible responsibility is not lodged in any one particular spot.

The British Administration, comprising the Ministry, runs the whole Government, and is directly responsible to Parliament. This is a symmetrical arrangement. Our Administration is not answerable to Congress This results in a divided, scattered, intangible responsibility. So, under the vigorous initiative of Mr. Roosevelt, we are rapidly evolving a system by which Congress shall be answerable to the Administration.

This, we take it, is the true Constitutional significance of those Presidential messages, animadverting upon Congressional acts, which give such umbrage at both ends of the Capitol.

The interests of the United States—as distinguished from those of several hundred separate districts—must be considered in the legislative branch. Probably by the end of Mr. Taft's term appropriation bills will be framed in the Treasury Department and sent over to Congress with a notation at the bottom, "Please sign here."

A Ray of Hope for Venezuela

A MORE promising future, it seems to us, is opening for Venezuela. The navy, for which she had no use, has been captured by the Dutch, thereby relieving her of considerable expense and of constant danger of trouble with her neighbors. For several years the customs receipts at her chief ports have been administered and appropriated by the Powers, so she has had no bother on that account. Castro is thousands of miles away, with small chance of returning. The concern which he called his Government has been overthrown and a new Cabinet installed. At this writing Vicente Gomez, Castro's Vice-President, is in control; but the fortunes of his Administration still hang in the balance. If the Venezuelans only have the wisdom and fortitude to hang anybody who proposes to play the part of a second Castro, they will get on very well.

Venezuela, it will be recalled, was the first mainland sighted by Columbus. Some time afterward government was introduced in the unhappy country, and it has known nothing but trouble since.

The Spanish Government meant mostly robbery on foreign account. It was overthrown a hundred years ago, and the succeeding Governments have meant largely robbery by native talent. For two generations, with a few strange intervals, the Venezuelans have been at war about their Government. In few other countries, even in Latin America, has government been a more terrible affliction to the people. The experience of four hundred years shows that they simply can't digest government of the European sort. It will be infinite pity if they do not profit by that quite lamentable experience in the present favorable juncture.

Without a Government there will, of course, occasionally be broils and affrays. But with a Government there has never, broadly speaking, been anything else.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

He Can Fight and Talk, and Exudes Reform Ideas at Every Pore

The Coming of Cummins

IT AWES one to think how frequently the merest trifle, the most trivial affair, coming, as one may say, at the exact moment when the ultimate design of one's personal scheme of things—that sounds like a psychologist handing it out to the sophomore class—is trembling in the balance, works for perpetual weal or woe, and stages the lifelong big show, so to speak.

Take the case of Albert Baird Cummins, of Ioway. If, on or about Christmas Day, in 1872, Albert Baird Cummins had not stopped in Chicago on his way to Denver, while *en route*, as the passenger agents insist, it is quite likely he never would have walked down the center aisle of the Senate Chamber, on December 7, last, shortly after noon, leaning heavily on the arm of the unbitted, the unhaltered, the unhampered Percheron of oratory, the Honorable Prentiss Dolliver, also of Ioway, and heard Vice-President Fairbanks dulcetly pronounce those thrilling words that made him, the Honorable Albert Baird Cummins, a Senator, put him on the pay-roll, allowed him to sit over in the Cherokee strip, and gave him the privilege at the proper time of ventilating his theories of government and the like, already so well ventilated that they look like porous-plasters.

You see, it was this way. The Honorable Cummins did not start out in life to be a Senator. He started to be a Senator only fifteen years ago, which shows that if a man hangs on long enough in this country he can accomplish almost anything, taking the vital statistics into consideration. What the Honorable Cummins started to be was a railroad engineer, not the kind that runs the engine, but the kind that runs the lines so the engineer will have something to run the engine on. He was a civil engineer, and a good one, the records all say. He had a good job on the construction of the Cincinnati, Richmond and Fort Wayne, and the Northern Central, of Michigan. The men who were building the Denver and Rio Grande heard of him and looked him up. They found he was a good civil engineer and a civil good engineer, and they made him an offer to go out to Denver and go to work. Cummins started. He got as far as Chicago. Then it happened. It was on or about Christmas Day, 1872. Cummins was waiting for his train. He met a man who knew a man who knew the law firm of McClellan & Hodges. "Where you goin', Al?" the man asked. "Out to Denver to work on the Denver and Rio Grande." "Shucks, why don't you stay here and study law?"

That was the moment referred to. That was the trivial, the little thing that changed the whole course of the life of Cummins, so lately injected into the United States Senate. "By heck," said Cummins, "I guess I will."

It is plain enough, isn't it? If Cummins had not met the man who knew the man who knew the law firm of McClellan & Hodges, it is ten to one that Cummins would have gone on out to Denver and become a mere railroad president, or something. As it was, he did meet the man who knew the man, and he stayed in Chicago and studied law. In due course of time he was admitted and practiced in Chicago until 1878.

Takes Out a Patent on Himself

THEN he took another epochal step. Instead of remaining in Chicago, eventually to become a henchman of Billy Lorimer, or something like that, he conned over the big-toad-in-the-small-puddle precept and went to Des Moines, where he formed a law firm and began that career that has, finally, led him to the Senate.

The Honorable Albert Baird Cummins, once settled firmly in Des Moines, marked out his path of procedure. He became a man of the people. It took the people some time to realize this, but they finally accepted the situation. Cummins was the man of the people. He patented himself in that specialty. He jumped into the barbed-wire fight, in which the trust tried to eliminate independent manufacture in the State, and won his contention after a five years' struggle. Every time anything of a like nature came along Cummins landed on it, and on each occasion, after the dust of the conflict had cleared away, Cummins was discovered sitting across the prostrate body of some foe of the proletariat, waving aloft a scalp and proclaiming, in clarion tones, that he was the champion of the masses, the friend of the farmer, the all-around protector of the interests of the plain people.

When you do a thing like that often enough the people get to believe it. Thus in a few years Cummins was a formidable figure in Iowa. He was a good stump speaker and worked well with the controlling political powers. He did not take office until 1888, when he went to the Iowa General Assembly. Meantime, he became national committeeman from Iowa and was active in the 1896 campaign, and all these years he was cementing himself to the people and formulating the Iowa idea which, under his care, blossomed a few years later into the great Cummins asset.

He began his long journey toward the Senate in 1894, when he tried to succeed Wilson and was defeated by John H. Gear. When Gear, in 1899-1900, was a candidate to succeed himself Cummins tried again. Cummins was strong, but Gear was one of the two leaders of the Allison-Gear oligarchy that had ruled the politics of Iowa for many years, and Cummins was finally defeated. Next year Cummins was nominated for Governor and elected, and renominated in 1903 and elected again, both times by great pluralities. He kept in office until he was chosen Senator last November, having been made Governor again in order that he might carry out some of his reforms. His continued success as Governor did not remove the old ambition to go to the Senate, however, and he contested for the nomination with Senator Allison last year in the primaries, and was defeated. Then Senator Allison died, and the way was clear for Cummins to come to Washington, and there he is, sitting near LaFollette, and you all know what that means.

The Iowa idea, as championed by Cummins, is based, primarily, on the revision of the tariff, for which Cummins has yelled for years. Whenever things were going along nicely, with the sacred policy of Protection protecting without a click or a jar, Cummins was wont to leap to the front and let off a yell about the robber schedules that made Nelson W. Aldrich and Sereno Payne and John Dalzell and all the rest of the stand-patters blink rapidly and wonder if it was a cyclone or merely a gale of wind. Cummins put it out cold. "All the graft of all the insurance companies from the beginning is not equal to one-fiftieth of the amount the people are being robbed by the excessive tariffs," was one of his lines of conversation at the time when the insurance companies were under fire.

He had ideas about railroads and railroad rates, and primaries, and nominations by the direct vote of the people, and all that sort of thing, all condensed in that comprehensive Iowa idea, and he jammed most of his ideas into the statute-books. He came to bat a little earlier with his Iowa idea than LaFollette did with his Wisconsin idea, but LaFollette got to the Senate first. Now that they are sitting in the Senate together there is no telling what the combination of the two, the LaFollette-Cummins joint idea, may look like. The distinguishing State titles may be abandoned and the proper names of the inventors used. LaFollette-Cummins is long and unwieldy, though. Why not call it the La-Cum idea as soon as it is put together by these two proprietors?

Of course, if Senator Allison had to die everybody is glad that Cummins is his successor, for Cummins has been a long time on the road, and he will add spice to the Senate, which Major John Lacey, who tried to beat him for the nomination, never would. Major Lacey cannot be said to be gingery. He is calm and contemplative and very stand-pattish. Cummins has been howling about a revision of the tariff so long it will be interesting to watch him in action against those aged and set statesmen, N. W. Aldrich and Eugene Hale, who desire to revise the tariff provided they do the revising.

Much is expected of Cummins, the friend of the people. He can fight and talk, and he exudes reform ideas at every pore. Reform is needed in the Senate. It is too much to expect Senator LaFollette to do it all. Thus, as has been pointed out, there is a chance for the grand combination, a chance for the promulgation of the La-Cum idea, and when that comes there will be nothing to it. We'll be reformed or La and Cum will talk about it forever.

What the Great Dane Caught

GRIFFIN HALSTEAD, who lives in Virginia, has a Great Dane pup. One morning when Halstead was not coming in to business in Washington a neighbor came over and said: "Let's go and get a few rabbits. I've got the best rabbit-dog in the world."

Halstead was willing and they went out, the Great Dane pup following. Presently a rabbit was started and the rabbit-dog went after it, giving full tongue. The Great Dane fussed around for a time, not knowing what to do, but Halstead finally made it understand that the plot was to chase along after the other dog. The pup started. Presently he got into the spirit of the thing and went lumbering along after the hound, and a little later began to give husky tongue himself.

The rabbit went into a bit of woods on top of a hill. The hound trailed in after, and the Great Dane, which had been gaining rapidly, followed. The two dogs were barking furiously. Suddenly there came a silence.

"I wonder what's the matter?" said the man who owned the hound. "I don't know why that dog quit baying. Let's go and see."

They hurried to the wood and found what had happened. The Great Dane had caught the rabbit-dog.

Which August?

A NEGRO was convicted of murder in Oklahoma and was called to the bar for sentence.

"William Brown," said the judge severely, "you have been found guilty of murder in the first degree, after a fair and impartial trial, and I sentence you to be hanged by the neck until dead on the fourth day of August."

The negro was dazed. Just before he was led away from the courtroom he turned to the judge and said, in a wheedling voice: "Shorely, jedge, you-all don' mean this comin' August, does ye?"

The Hall of Fame

¶ F. George Flower, of Spokane, Washington, has a mission in life, to which he devotes all his energies and intelligence. His mission is to rebuke writers who say Welsh rabbit instead of Welsh rarebit, and he is very stern about it.

¶ So far as money is concerned, the Navy Department heads have it all over the rest of the Cabinet. Truman H. Newberry is Secretary and both he and his wife are rich, and Assistant Secretary Satterlee is the son-in-law of J. P. Morgan.

¶ Colonel James Cecil Hooe, of Snicker's Gap, Virginia, is the only resident of that populous and beautiful town. All the other residents call the place Bluemont, but Colonel Hooe refuses to change his address to that affected designation, and remains true to historic Snicker's Gap.

Warning!

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The U. S. Gov't. Say Benzoate Soda in Pro In

THE United States Government has made Benzoate of Soda in foods a subject of official investigation. To determine its unhealthfulness twelve healthy men were put through a thirty-nine days' test and so startling were the conclusions reached that the Government has issued a Bulletin warning the public that:

> *"Benzoate of Soda is highly objectionable and produces a very serious disturbance of the metabolic functions, attended with injury to digestion and health."*

Also: *"There is only one conclusion to be drawn from the data which have been presented and that is that in the interests of health both Benzoic Acid and Benzoate of Soda should be excluded from food products."*

Benzoate of Soda is tasteless, odorless, imperceptible. It is not a form of baking soda, as many believe. It is a coal tar product. Concerning its unwholesomeness the Government says:

> *The evidence "points so strongly to the POISONOUS properties of preservatives that their use as a class should, under the act, be inhibited in foods and food products."*

Most Important of All

Benzoate of Soda is too often used to cover up unwholesome materials prepared in unsanitary factories—food you would not eat if you could see it made. This particularly applies to Tomato Ketchup, Fruit Preserves, Apple Butter, Sweet Pickles, etc.

For Your Protection

inst the danger of Benzoate of Soda the Government requires that its presence in a food must be stated n the label. Be especially watchful of tomato and fruit products and pickles. When Benzoate of Soda is used the fact is always stated in fine type, usually in the form: "Contains one-tenth of one per cent Benzoate of Soda."

ys
of
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oduces
njury to
Digestion
and Health

See Department of Agriculture Bulletin No. 84, Part 4, 1908.

HEINZ
57 Varieties
Pure Food Products
Do Not Contain Benzoate of Soda!

We do not know how to make Heinz 57 Varieties purer—cleaner—more wholesome—higher in quality. The raw materials entering into them are largely grown under our own supervision; the work of preparing them is made clean by system. We have every advantage of model kitchens and tidy workers, which make for QUALITY—PURITY—EXCELLENCE.

PURE FOOD
57
HEINZ
VARIETIES
PRODUCTS

30,000 Visitors registered at our kitchens last year! Doors open to the public assures proper materials and approved methods.

No drugs nor chemicals—no artificial preservatives or coloring adulterants of any kind, are ever added to Heinz products.

Heinz Pickles are the only ones we know of put up without Alum or Benzoate of Soda.

Grocers refund price of any product that fails to please. Send for Booklet.

H. J. HEINZ CO.
New York
Pittsburgh
Chicago
London

Fattening Pay Envelopes

By GEORGE FREDERIC STRATTON

SEVERAL years ago a corporation employing a large number of high-class mechanics adopted a new system of paying the men. Two years later the officials were confronted by some remarkably gratifying figures. Authentic and unmistakable records showed an increase in individual wages of 24 per cent, a decrease in the labor cost of the product of 36 per cent, and an increase in the factory output of 57 per cent—the latter without any increase of plant or equipment.

If there is any one opinion upon which all employers—large and small, male and female—agree, it is that the employee is not doing as much as he or she (when will the language-adjusters give us that common pronoun?) could do. From the manager of ten thousand hands down to the mistress of one little housemaid, there is but one opinion—as unanimous as that of the man who ran for councilman, polled two votes, and was arrested the same day for repeating.

That this opinion has a broad and substantial basis of fact has been proved conclusively in many remarkable instances; but, curiously enough, it has been proved only against a class of workers who seem to be the least open to suspicion of such naughty conduct as soldiering—the piece-workers.

It will be somewhat surprising to those who have had no experience in a business involving wage-earners paid by the piece to learn that such workers, instead of availing themselves of their opportunities to increase their earnings, should systematically hold them down to a certain limit; or, as the newer order of industrial captains term it, restrict production. A decade ago professional business systematizers commenced investigating this strange condition, and since that time a mass of evidence has been produced, showing that among piece-workers an increase of production, ranging from 20 to 40 per cent, could easily be reached by a scientific method of remunerating each individual. It also shows that the impelling motive for restricting production is, in every case, the fear of rate-cutting if the envelope gets too full. Such restriction is reprehensible, of course, but very, very human; and, really, not entirely confined to mechanics. Last year the packing-house men explained high prices by charging the stockmen with holding back beef on the hoof because they didn't like the prices; and is it not well known that the lumber operators are putting but two-thirds of the usual number of loggers into the woods this winter, because prices have dropped and they would fain raise them again? Is not that restric—— But what's the use! Where can we get off if we start on this line?

Two years ago a shoe-manufacturing company secured a large contract for army shoes. There was a strict time-limit, of course, as to delivery, and the manager firmly asserted that the equipment would have to be considerably increased. He consulted each department foreman separately, and found that his own figures as to the possible output was sustained by all of those men—excepting one, the foreman of the lasting rink. This man, a sturdy, undemonstrative Scotchman, said:

"Yeer figures are not richt for my department, and I'm thinkin' they're not richt for any department if ye're minded to change the conditions."

"What do you mean?" he was asked.

"Simply that ther's barely a lad or a lass in the shops that's doing all they can do, by a big percentage. I've worked among shoe machines and men since machines were introduced, and I know."

"Why didn't you tell me this before?" again demanded the indignant manager.

"I'd not be tellin' ye now," said Mac coolly, "if I was not ready to step out an' look for anither job. Ye'll observe that, if ye'd known this before, Mr. Smith, ye'd have done as ye'll be doin' now, na doot—cut the piece-work prices in order to force the han's to fill up the day's wark—but it'll na do. It'ud make trouble and maybe a strike, an' the foremen'll dodge that, every time, if they can."

"But why should there be this restriction?" asked the now puzzled manager. "Some of the men must be ambitious to make more money. Why don't they let themselves out?"

"Simply because their entire shop experience, no matter where it has been, has shown 'em just one thing—that, if the brightest and quickest an' canniest men let themselves out and carry home fat pay envelopes, the prices are cut almost at once. Then the ordinary man cannot make living wages, an' there's trouble. So they've got into the way of leveling things themselves, leemiting production, as ye may say, Mr. Smith.

"If ye want to get this contract out," he continued, "without increasing the equipment, ye can do it, sir, with a few strokes of a pen on a sma' slip o' paper."

"Explain that!" said the manager.

"Just post a bulletin—wi' yer own signature—that no piece-work price will be cut during this contract. That'll be nearly a year, I'm thinkin'. Ye'll find that the wark'll come out, all richt."

After much consideration and with no little reluctance at such a breach of time-honored policy, this plan was adopted. For a few weeks the hands worked cautiously, but as they became convinced of the good faith of that bulletin they supported the Scotchman's opinion by an output which astonished the officials. Fifty-three per cent was the increase for the year, with no increase in plant equipment or operating expense.

A company in Connecticut manufacturing builders' hardware employed six hundred hands, two-thirds of whom were on piece-work. The president, who had originated the business and was the largest stockholder, had also acted as manager, and he asserted with pride that he held his business affairs with a tight rein. Grown old, he decided to withdraw from the active management, and secured as his successor a young man who had acquired a fine reputation as an executive. An arrangement was made by which he was to receive a stated salary for two years, with an added percentage if he earned dividends over 8 per cent.

This was in 1905, when the boom was booming; and very shortly the new manager was confronted with the necessity of refusing orders—or enlarging the plant. But he found an alternative. He had studied the equipment and men from a modern viewpoint, with the result that one morning a typewritten bulletin was posted in each department, which read as follows:

> The management hereby guarantees and contracts that there shall be no reduction in the present piece-work prices on staple parts for the space of one year from date. Every employee is invited and urged to make his best efforts to increase the general output.
>
> Signed
>
> —— ——
>
> *Manager.*

The president made a tour of the plant regularly each week. When he saw those bulletins he was aghast, and hurried back to the office, savagely demanding the reason for such an "astounding piece of folly!"

"You are throwing the control entirely out of your hands!" he asserted.

"I'm taking a step which I consider will largely increase the output," blandly retorted the young manager.

"By increasing the wages!" fog-horned the president. "It has been my policy, sir, to keep a tight rein upon the wages invariably, and I insist that that policy shall be maintained. Only in that way can a tight rein be kept on employees. I will never consent to an innovation which will probably put our pay-roll upon a higher level than that of our competitors. It would be suicidal, sir!"

The manager coolly called attention to his contract, and intimated that if any interference was made with his management he should call for his extra percentage, whether it was earned or not. His manner was unmistakably determinate, and the president finally closed the interview with a furious storm of denunciations and threats.

But no active interference was made. The new policy was adhered to for two years. The yearly output was increased 43 per cent, while the expense-account, interest on plant, taxes, insurance, power and salary-roll remained the same. The dividends consequently jumped from 8 per cent to 15, but the president, clinging to his lifelong policy of "tight reins," had made matters so unpleasant for the young manager that he resigned on the expiration of his contract.

The successor, like the president, was an old-school man. They cut the prices within a month of his appointment, had a strike, smashed their entire organization, filled up again with the glum and docile shop crew, and the succeeding year fell off just one-half in their output; the president attributing this result to the "atrocious policy" of the previous manager in "coddling men into an exalted idea of their worth!"

Many managers, however, will emphatically deny that rates are cut as a result of high earnings. They claim that other matters, such as competition and rise in price of material, influence the reduction of labor cost. The manager of a great machine manufacturing company—a T. R. brand of man—employing ten thousand hands, was emphatic in his denials that a cut followed a fat pay envelope. One of the directors, however, was dissatisfied with the output. He had made some private comparisons with other factories and, as the equipment was very extensive and costly, he insisted upon an investigation. An expert was put to work, and two months later he reported, with absolute certainty, that, with the exception of the foundry, the entire output was at least 30 per cent less than was possible. He obtained admissions from the foremen that the men in their departments were convinced—rightly or wrongly—that if earnings ran above a certain limit the rates would be cut. He obtained admissions from a number of old and reliable workmen that they, and many others, did hold back on their work in order to protect the ordinary man from reductions which would put even a living wage out of their reach. He also submitted figures showing the appropriation which would be necessary—one million and a quarter—in order to bring the output (under existing conditions) up to what it might be if the present plant was run up to its limit under a new wage system.

The urgent necessities of the past half-dozen years have caused investigations which bid fair to result in the substitution of a scientific method of rewarding labor according to individual worth, in place of the ancient and inefficient day-work and piece-work systems with their continuous cut-downs, squabbles, strikes and restriction of production. During the rush of orders of the past five years plants were found inadequate to meet the demands, and, perhaps for the first time in the history of manufactures, inquiries were extensively, systematically and thoroughly made to determine the possibilities of existing equipment. With the exception of the textile industries, which appear to have been hammered down to a hard basis, the reports show, conclusively, that all the plants investigated were running below their possible output, at percentages ranging from 20 to 40.

This woke up some managers, and a few progressive men devised a new system, putting it into operation, while the others were still watching the results.

The new plan supersedes piece-work. Under it the man is paid a day-rate, with a bonus added for quick, intelligent work. On all standard operations a time-rate is fixed, and if the operator succeeds in doing the work in less time, the value of the time so saved is divided between himself and the company.

Thus: if his day-rate is $2.50, and he works, say, at painting a wagon—the standard time for which work is fixed at ten hours—and if he accomplishes that work in six hours, he has saved four hours' time. He is accordingly credited with two hours' extra time, making his pay for the six hours' work $2, instead of $1.50—an increase of 33⅓ per cent. The employer gets the

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wagon painted for $2 instead of $2.50, a saving of 20 per cent, and the output of the factory is increased by 66⅔ per cent—ten wagons instead of six being painted by one man in one week.

Although this looks like piece-work it is very different, chiefly because the minimum wage of twenty-five cents per hour is paid to the workman, even if he cannot paint the wagon in ten hours. Conditions may be against him, or he may be just an ordinary man—or poorer than that. But the nimble, deft, hustling worker can let himself out because he has little fear of rate-cutting, which would put his slow fellow-workers down to very poor wages—without benefiting himself.

That is how it works out in every factory where it has been fairly and patiently tried. In the first paragraph of this article the results stated were obtained by the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé Railroad Company, at their repair and construction shops at Topeka. The superintendent has stated that the standard times are determined very carefully as being such that an ordinary worker can do the work in. Then the better men are permitted and urged to earn just as much as they can—under inspection, of course, for proper work. Individual card-records are kept, showing wonderfully interesting figures. One man, during a year's run, earned a bonus of 105 per cent above his regular wage-rate, while during the same period four men, drawing the full, normal wages, were 64 per cent below the efficient point—doing only one-third of what they should have done. Forty per cent of the men had earned 25 per cent or more above their normal day-rate. The successful working of this system obviated the necessity of largely increasing the plant—a step which had previously appeared to be absolutely necessary.

At the Amoskeag machine shops, in New Hampshire, the output has been increased 26 per cent, wages have increased 16 per cent, and labor cost to the company has decreased about the same amount. Similar encouraging figures are reported from other plants where this system has been introduced, and where the standard rates, once established, are not cut because the best men make abnormally high wages.

A most valuable feature of this system is the permanent record of each man, restoring at one bound the individuality which the wage-earner has been losing since the establishment of factory systems. Before me is the record-card of a Santa Fé employee, covering four months. His ratings for efficiency (the normal point being 100) are: 110, 117, 129 and 138, respectively; his earnings: $69, $103, $126 and $125. (The fourth month runs low in comparison with the third because of a smaller number of hours worked.) These figures include his bonuses, $16, $28, $41 and $46, respectively; a total of $131. That's what it means for the man! What does it mean for the company? That bonus represents one-half the value of the time saved on a given amount of work. The company takes the other half, thus saving on labor cost $131 in four months on one man. Multiplied by several hundred—that means *dividends*.

There's more yet. That bonus represents 90 per cent more work done in a given time, consequently 90 per cent increased output for the same shop tools, the same shop room, and the same shop expense. That means more dividends!

No manager can look at that card, with all its details, without knowing that he is holding the record of an exceptionally good man. He does not have to take the hesitating guess of a harassed and overworked foreman when he wants a high-grade man for special work.

The superintendent of a large engine-construction plant where this system is in operation says:

"If I want a crew of assemblers to go out on a rush job I turn to the record-cards of that department, and in five minutes I've got them, without any guesswork. I never before could do that. I never knew the ease with which good men could be found."

The Midvale Steel Company, of Pennsylvania, was one of the first, if not the first, to adopt the bonus system. An unusual share of squabbles and strikes had previously harassed the management, and the new system was tried as a forlorn hope. But there has been nothing forlorn about it. During the fifteen years of its being in operation there has not been one strike or serious disagreement. The good man has received pay according to his individual worth. He is no longer number 879 or 978, lumped in with numbers 643 and 346. He is once again a man—not a number—and he feels it. He knows that his past record, showing his exact efficiency, is in black and white; and the knowledge spurs his ambition, his self-respect and his energy.

On the other hand, those records point out, indubitably, the listless, the shirker, the dull, unintelligent man, and he soon finds himself "without the gates."

In consequence, the Midvale Company has, today, one of the finest shop organizations to be found in the steel industry, and its plant is worked to the limit.

It pays! A large stockholder has asserted that the interest and appreciation of the workmen have had a very material influence upon the earnings, and contracts are entered into by his company with scarcely a thought of delay through labor troubles.

It has been customary to wag the head at the workman for failing to do his level best, but men who know are commencing to wag heads at the managers. Here and there a real director—inadvertently elected, perhaps—has displayed an unwonted curiosity about the details of his company's annual report, as compared with the reports of competitors. He discovers, perhaps, that the ratios of output to the cost of the plant differ materially, with the result that when a manager asks for an appropriation for increasing the equipment he is likely to be confronted with some very awkward figures.

Mr. Carnegie, in a somewhat recent speech, said: "Dividends are paid as much by machines as by men, and they should always be considered in combination. If a man worked for nothing and wasted 25 per cent of the time of a five-thousand-dollar machine, he would be very dear compared with a five-dollar-a-day man who kept the machine up to its limit of production. The management which fails to secure the normal output from the entire plant, by failing to induce men to work up to their highest efficiency, is not a good management."

That is from a man who showed increases of output which amazed every one interested in steel, at home and abroad. Of him it has been said: "He considered the wage cost of his product, rather than the workman's wage total." No serious labor trouble ever occurred at the Carnegie plants until the advent of a man of different stamp as chief executive. And it is well known that Mr. Carnegie's expressed disapproval of the methods which resulted in the great Homestead strike led to subsequent quarrels.

It was no uncommon thing, at the Carnegie plants, to see furnace men and rollers arrive at work behind spanking teams. From one hundred to one hundred and twenty dollars per week was not unknown as the wages of some of those men, and Carnegie was never the man to pay something for nothing. He has always asserted that he knew good men and could always find some in his plants. While other great steel manufacturers were bewailing their lack and sending to England and Germany for foremen and overseers, Carnegie went out into his works and picked his men. He found Schwab wheeling coal, Corey cleaning apparatus in a laboratory, Gary copying papers in the law office and Captain Jones working with lumpers.

In any factory where machinery is extensively used the operating expense is, usually, a very stable figure, no matter whether the output falls off or increases. The items of the expense are: taxes, insurance, power, heat and light, repairs, watchmen, fire protection, and office expense and salaries. The total, under normal operation, usually about equals the total of the wages paid. With very heavy and expensive equipment the total expense will run much higher than the wages.

If, therefore, the management can increase the output by 25 per cent (which is reported as being easily attainable under the bonus system of wages) the percentage of shop expense is decreased to the same extent. The result always shows some startling changes on the profit and loss account.

The superintendent of a sheet-metal factory states that, at the end of the first year of operation under the bonus system, the totals of shop expense, wages and output were so surprising that some error was suspected. An expert accountant was called in to check over the details, which he reported correct. The net earnings, that year, were increased by 36 per cent. The men had been permitted to carry home fatter pay envelopes for doing more work, and the stockholders found their dividends and surplus materially increased.

For a century past the highest inventive genius and technical skill have been engaged in developing and perfecting machinery. Costly apparatus is often scrapped within a year or two after its installation because of new designs which will do a little faster work. But the efforts to improve the man have been negligible, and he has become, in great measure, simply a belt-shifter and oiler.

For a quarter-century past the highest types of chemists and analysts have been engaged in saving by-products and utilizing the waste-heap. The costliest of experiments and of equipment have been used to attain this end—but the waste of time on the workman's part has been met only by the formula of the superintendent: "Cut 'em 10 per cent!" and of the foreman: "Git a hustle on!"

Safe Investments

THERE is a class of men in this country—more numerous than might commonly be supposed—who have, from time to time, at least a moderate amount of money to invest, but who are so absorbed in making good the larger investments of others that they have no time in which to study the investment problem for themselves.

Belonging to this class myself, it is only fair to say that I cannot fail to get more value from these articles than I can possibly contribute to them.

There are hundreds, if not thousands, of men in the United States who hold high executive positions in great industrial organizations, and who receive what the public regards as big salaries, who are little less than slaves of their responsibilities, and who are so completely absorbed in their own specialized tasks that they do not have one day in a month to give to the study of their own private affairs.

More than this, the "high-salaried hired man," as he is sometimes called, is often unfitted by the very nature of his specialized work and its associations for the proper selection of investments into which to put his surplus funds, even if he had the time to study them. He is a specialist along some certain line—probably a very narrow one—and his whole being is so saturated and colored by that work and its environment that he becomes, in a sense, temperamentally disqualified for the exercise of clear and intelligent judgment in the difficult field of investment selection.

This brings me to the main suggestion which I have to offer: that men of this class—those giving their lives to the service of great enterprises—should stick to the safest of standard securities, be content with a comparatively low rate of return, and not attempt to put their money into things which promise a big interest, big dividends or big profits. There are a number of men in the class to which I refer who receive salaries of twenty-five thousand dollars a year—and even more than that. Most of them are fairly sensible men, and, although they live well—perhaps luxuriously—they have a very respectable sum to put aside out of their earnings every year.

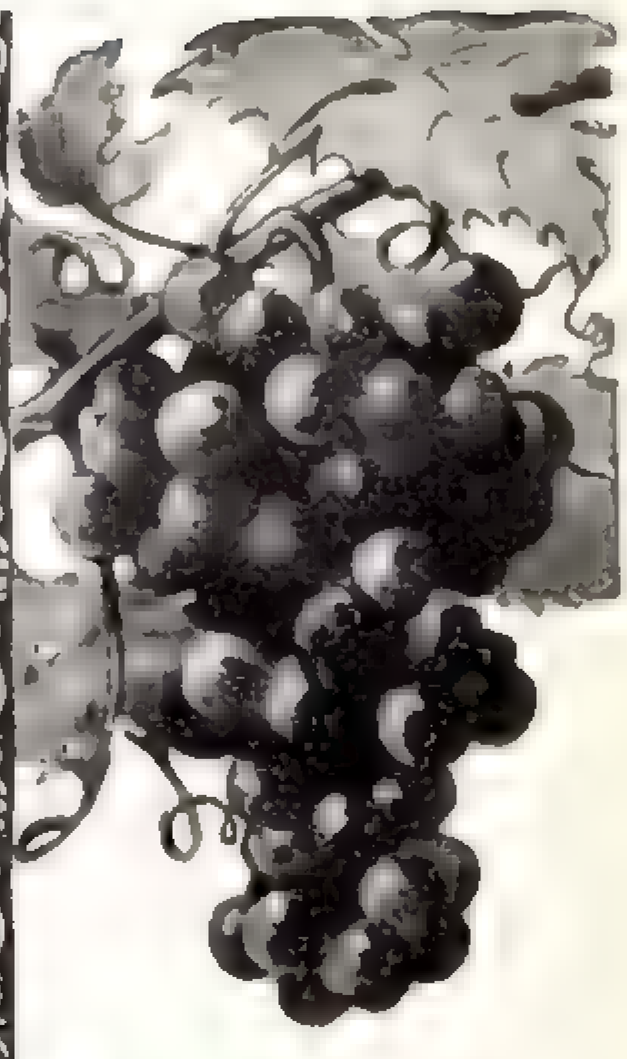
As I see it, the man of this class should, first of all, be a liberal investor in life insurance with the standard companies. He can hardly overdo the matter so long as he insures only in the very solid companies.

Next, he will do well, so it seems to me, to buy the best securities on the market—those which are at the head of the list on the score of security, even if at the bottom of the list in point of their rate of interest. Very likely he will not get more than 4 to 4½ per cent from securities of this rank—those which are of the first-mortgage type.

At any rate, he will not have to give any of his time to the work of selection or take any chances if he sticks consistently to this line of securities.

Then, too, he can have before him the alternative that, if he comes to a point where he wishes to retire from his position as a "hired man" and give his attention to his own personal affairs, he will be able to convert his investments of this character into ready cash as fast as he may wish it for new investments promising a higher rate of return.

—J. C. STUBBS.



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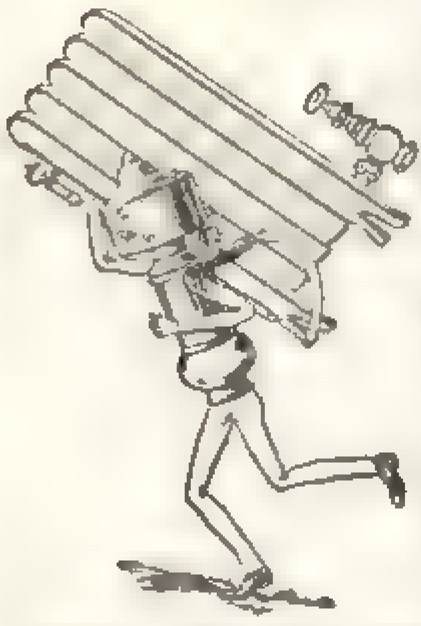

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Coöperative Apartments

How New York Solves a Great Living Problem and Combines Comfort and Profit

By ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

BY MEANS of coöperative apartments New York is now successfully solving one of her great living problems and affording at the same time an opportunity for the safe investment of money. It is a project that combines business, comfort and profit very happily.

In New York only rich people ordinarily can afford the luxury of a comfortable home, or live in a place where they practically can choose their neighbors. The average man in business or a profession must live in an apartment house or go out in the country, where living expenses are often higher than in the city. Most people have found that the ordinary apartment-house life in the big city is extremely uncomfortable, uncongenial and expensive, especially where there are young children who are forced to mingle indiscriminately with the children of unknown fellow-tenants. In short, the tenant is at the mercy of the avaricious landlord, who is willing to take anybody who will pay his rent, and in the power of the janitor, who is deaf to appeal for comforts and conveniences.

Among professional people especially, the New York apartment conditions, save in very expensive buildings, proved extremely irksome. Men who worked found themselves in a bedlam; men who painted lost their inspiration in a chaos of discomforts. One day, less than four years ago, a number of well-known artists met at a restaurant. Each man had a hard-luck story about his apartment to tell. It happened that these artists were prosperous. Finally one of them said:

"Why can't we get together and build a house of our own? We have to pay rent. Why not have some comfort?"

A prominent architect was consulted, and he drew up plans for a twelve-story apartment-house. Each man in the original group (there were fifteen) contributed fifteen thousand dollars, and the remainder of the money needed was borrowed on a mortgage on the whole property. Apartments were provided for the owners, and ten extra ones were built as an investment feature. The conditions surrounding the apartments for tenants were that the renter must be agreeable to the owners of the apartment. Thus a censorship was put on the applicants for apartments.

The first coöperative apartment was built on a side street where property was cheap. No difficulty was experienced in getting tenants, for the place was well built. The rents for tenants averaged from eighteen hundred to twenty-five hundred dollars a year. The plan worked out successfully. Every stockholder owned his apartment outright; was living at less cost than before, and getting a good deal more out of life.

The success of the first coöperative apartment led to the building of many others. The erection of these buildings has reached the point in New York where one great building and construction company does nothing else but build them. Its experts studied coöperative building in Germany, England and Scotland, and a somewhat remarkable system has been perfected. A group of men can go to this company and say:

"We have twenty thousand dollars each and we want you to build us a coöperative apartment."

The company will give an estimate for the completed building to be delivered at an upset price on a certain date. It guarantees the title of the property and pays insurance and taxes until the structure is formally handed over. It assumes all the risk of increased cost from rise in the price of material or labor troubles.

This company has demonstrated to the owners of coöperative apartments that, instead of the two or three per cent., which the regular apartment landlord is content to receive on his investment, they can get four or five times that much.

The plan for the coöperative apartment is simply this: ten men of the same or congenial professions, or who know each other very well, contribute twenty thousand dollars that each one wants to invest. Each man also wants as good a home as he can get, and at the same time he wants his money safely and profitably employed. The coöperative apartment meets both of these requirements.

These ten men can go to the construction company already mentioned or to some other contractor. Their combined resources are two hundred thousand dollars. A company is formed with a capital stock of two hundred thousand dollars and each man gets an equal number of shares. This company owns the apartment-house But apartment-houses in New York cost more than two hundred thousand dollars. So a loan of three hundred thousand dollars is made, and a mortgage on the whole property is given to secure it. The construction company that makes a specialty of coöperative apartments has facilities for negotiating very large loans.

It has been found most profitable to build the coöperative apartment on a cheap piece of ground. This helps to build up the neighborhood; the ground on which the house is built increases in value all the time, and thus the investment is becoming more valuable

The investment feature of the coöperative apartment is worth emphasizing, for it has a double value, first, in providing comfort and a home, and second, as a definite means of employing money profitably. The man who contributes twenty thousand dollars to the building of a successful coöperative apartment gets much more return on his money than if he had invested it in bonds or other safe investments, and at the same time he is living better than ever before.

It frequently happens that a man who has invested twenty thousand dollars in an apartment sells his apartment before the building is ready for occupancy for a profit of several thousands of dollars. One man who invested this sum of money leased his apartment for ten years at an annual rental of thirty-five hundred dollars.

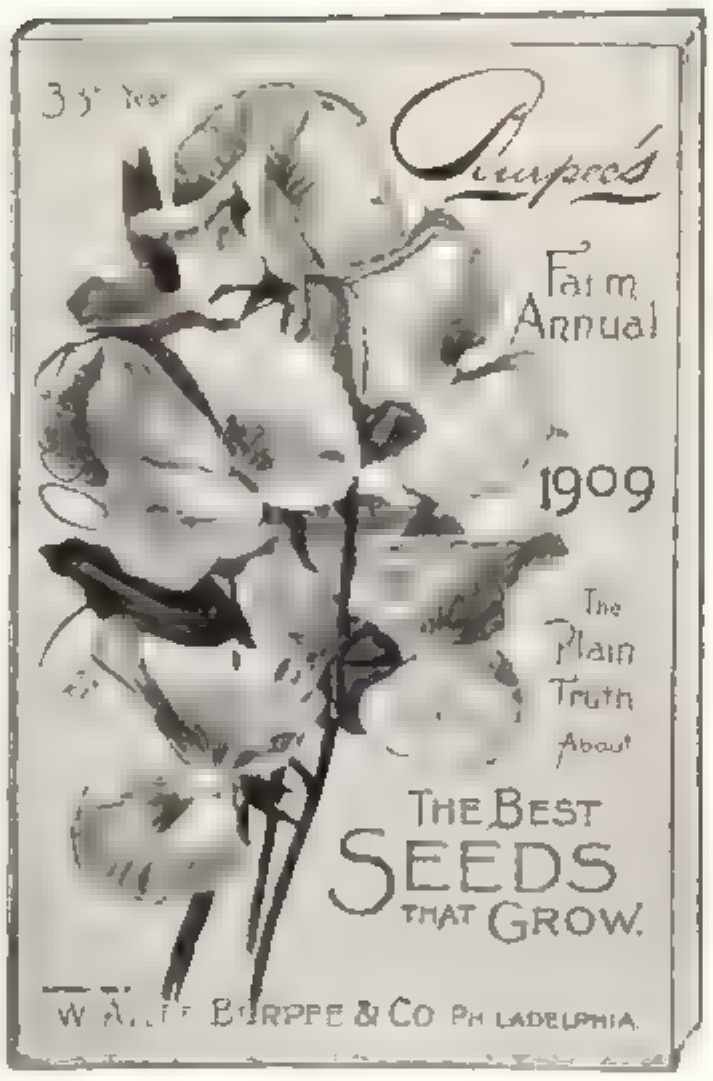
Of course, whenever one of the stockholders sells his apartment or leases it, it is done with the unanimous consent of the other stockholders. This is done to keep out undesirables.

It has been the custom to charge the stockholders a rent during the first year of their residence in the house. A man who owns twenty thousand dollars' worth of stock would pay from twelve hundred to fourteen hundred dollars. This money would go to pay the fixed charges, such as interest on the mortgage, heating, lighting and janitor service. This is only done in case the apartments for tenants are not rented the first year. Even if the stockholder had to pay a small rent for two or three years he would be getting a twenty-five-hundred or three-thousand-dollar-a-year apartment for much less than its ordinary cost, with a great many more comforts than he would ordinarily receive.

In many of the coöperative apartments no rent was paid by the stockholders from the start. In the case of three big apartments on West Sixty-seventh Street the stockholders not only had their rent free the first year, but a surplus to apply to a sinking fund to pay off the mortgage.

These coöperative apartments are really big home clubs, and they are conducted very much like clubs. The directors, who are selected from the stockholders, are like a board of governors. They have the financial affairs in charge and exercise a general supervision of the company's matters. These directors appoint what is called an administration committee, which bears the same relation to the apartment-house that a house committee does to a club. This committee runs the house. It appoints the janitors, makes contracts for supplies and, what is more important to the housekeeper, provides her with service.

The latest coöperative apartment to be planned is to be erected at Twenty-four Gramercy Park. Its stockholders are thoroughly representative of the professions, for among the incorporators are Richard Watson Gilder, representing literature, Francis Wilson, the actor, and Jules Guérin, the artist.



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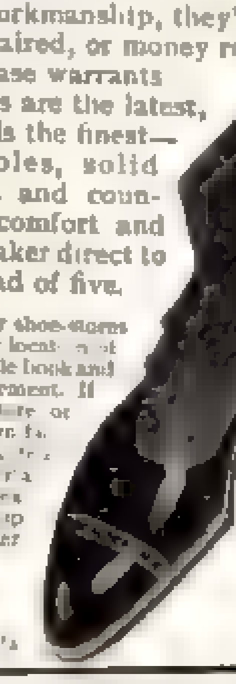

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THE LONG ARM OF THE SECRET POLICE

(Continued from Page 4)

the horizon the engineer corps was hard at work altering the position of the batteries. What that little visit of the Kaiser cost the British Government no one knows but the officials of the British War Office, and they won't tell.

The secret political agents of the European Governments are, as a rule, men whose honor is more or less doubtful; they form, as it were, a guild whose ranks are recruited from all classes of society. Usually they are well-bred people, familiar with several languages, of charming manners and excellent appearance, but burdened with moral defects, who have suffered shipwreck in their own class, but still retain sufficient external polish and grace of manner to be able easily to deceive those who are ignorant of their former lives. Among them are adventurers and political refugees whose dark past is difficult to brighten, and who, as widely-traveled men, have sharpened their wits to such a degree that they can track and discover what an army of the best official detectives could not find out. But there are also persons of another class, morally corrupt, avaricious, traitorous subjects of their own Governments, whose need or greed for gold causes them to act as spies on the nations whose uniform they wear. But sometimes a letter addressed to a foreign embassy miscarries, the agents of the secret police arrest some trusted officer of the army or navy, and a court martial has a secret sitting. Then, one morning, the troops of the garrison are paraded, and a haggard, pale-faced man in uniform is walked slowly down the lines. Two non-commissioned officers step forward and tear the epaulets from his shoulders and the emblems of rank from his sleeves and cap; they cut the buttons from his tunic and finally break in two the sword he has disgraced, and throw the pieces at his feet. Then the drums rattle out the roll of dishonor, and with hanging head the traitor passes down the lines again, this time to a prison-van and a transport-ship, to New Caledonia or Devil's Isle—and to remorse.

Americans Trailed by Turkish Spies

It is not unnatural, perhaps, that every absolute sovereign should wish to have a secret police. No one is better served in this respect than those two past-masters in statecraft, Wilhelm of Germany and Abdul Hamid of Turkey. They both know perfectly well that there is a kind of tacit conspiracy to keep disagreeable things from their ears, that they are seldom told the whole truth, and that they are liable to be deceived as to the real motives of their Ministers, as to the attitude of foreign ambassadors, and as to the general view entertained of themselves by the masses of their peoples. They have organized, therefore, systems of espionage of their own, whereby they are able to keep their fingers ever on the pulse of public opinion, to be informed immediately of the doings, sayings and opinions of their Ministers, and to keep a close supervision over their subjects and the strangers within their gates.

One of Abdul Hamid's most trusted advisers is an American sailor of fortune, Bucknam Pasha, now commander of the seagoing division of the Ottoman fleet. And yet this bluff, open-minded sea-dog, who has never hesitated to tell the Sultan exactly what he thought, has been surrounded by agents of the secret police from the first day he set foot in Constantinople. His butler, his cook, his body-servant, the doorkeeper of the apartment in which he lives, are all in the pay of the secret service. He cannot take a drive in the suburbs of the capital, or go quail-shooting across the Bosphorus in Anatolia, or cruise in his yacht on the Marmora, that he does not find himself accompanied by one or more spies in the guise of naval aides-de-camp. I remember that on one occasion, a year or two ago, I was cruising along the Anatolian coast with Bucknam in his yacht, the Oberon. By some unexplainable piece of good fortune we had succeeded in escaping the vigilance of the spies and had embarked unobserved, as we thought, so that, with the exception of a handful of Turkish sailors to handle the boat, we found ourselves alone and at liberty to speak our thoughts—a feeling few men know in Turkey. That night we dropped anchor off Maltepé, a tiny hamlet on a deserted part of the Asiatic coast, and about the most unlikely place in the world in which to search for us. But before three hours had passed we saw a *caïque* shoot out from shore, and a few minutes later one of Bucknam's aides, Lieutenant R —— Bey, clambered aboard with the plausible explanation that he had been quail-shooting along that portion of the coast, that he had had the good fortune to recognize the yacht, and that he had come out in the hope that we would take him back to Constantinople with us. The truth of the matter was that as soon as the secret police authorities learned that the Oberon had sailed with only two Americans aboard, every town and hamlet along the coast was notified by telegraph to look out for us, and, immediately news of our whereabouts was received, R—— Bey was sent in a torpedo boat in pursuit. Some days later a friend in the Turkish secret service, growing confidential over a dinner-table, told me that the chief of police had been kept informed by telegraph of every place at which we touched during our brief cruise, what we bought at each, with whom we spoke and what we said.

The Bandmaster's Break

In no part of the Empire has the system of espionage become so intolerable as in Syria. Letters are opened, telegrams intercepted, post-cards confiscated, and scores of educated and intelligent Syrians have, to my actual knowledge, been thrown into loathsome prisons for having in their possession works dealing with questions of constitutional government. Every third person is a spy, and though conditions have considerably improved since the Young Turks have come into power, the days are not yet past when even the slightest allusion to freedom in the political sense is sufficient to send the speaker to the burning sands of the Hedjaz or the fever-ridden oasis of Tripoli. A story for which I do not care to vouch, but which, from my knowledge of Turkish police methods I have reason to think is true, runs something like this. Some two or three years ago an American squadron, cruising in the Mediterranean, was expected to pay a visit to Beirut. The Vali (the Governor-General), wishing to show due honor to the Americans, ordered the regimental bandmaster to procure copies of the American national anthem and have his band practice it, that it might be played with pleasing effect upon the arrival of the fleet. The order was cabled to a music house in London, and in due course there arrived copies of The Star-Spangled Banner, the scores having the words of the song in English beneath. With these before them the band began to practice assiduously. The local chief of the secret police, a typical Turkish official, who had been educated in Europe, and who was, in consequence, conversant with several languages, happened to be driving past the barrack-yard one morning while the band was in the throes of its struggle with the American composition. Being himself something of a musician, the police official stopped his carriage and, summoning the bandmaster, inquired the name of the piece which the musicians were torturing. The leader proudly produced a copy of The Star-Spangled Banner, down which the official ran his eye. Suddenly he straightened up. "By the beard of the Prophet, what means this?" he thundered, turning on the trembling musician. "Www-wh-wh-what is it, Excellency? Wh-wh-what is the matter?" faltered the other. "Matter enough!" roared the police official. "Treason—nothing less! Do you long to find yourself an exile in Fezzan? Listen! This perfidious music reads: 'The star-spangled banner, oh, long may it wave *o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!*' Imbecile! Blockhead! Don't you know that this is not the land of the free or the home of the brave—this is TURKEY!" Out came the ever-ready blue pencil, words and music alike were marked across, and when the American squadron dropped anchor in St. George's

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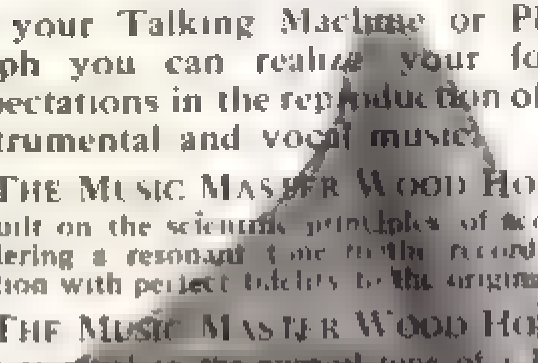

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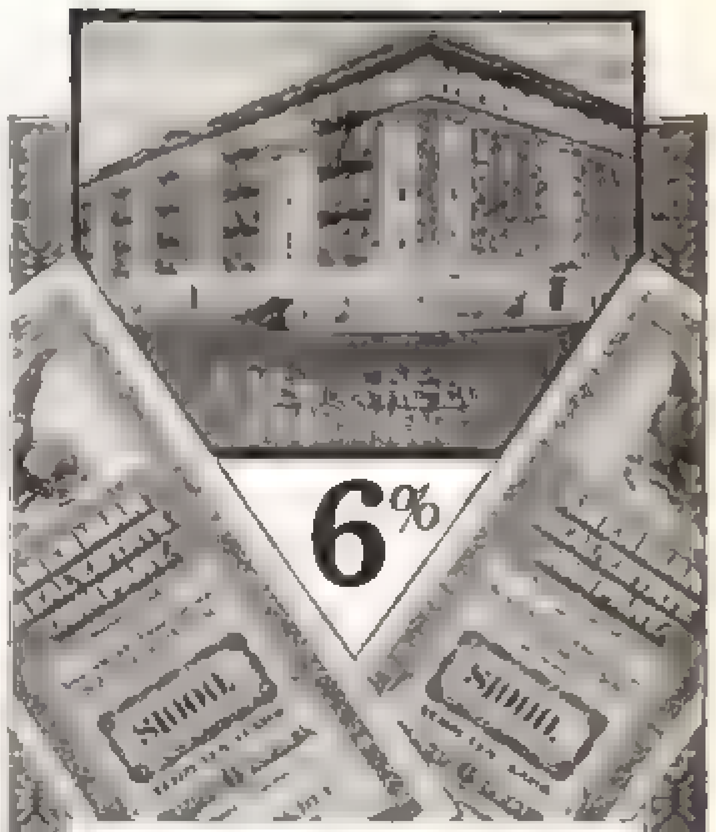

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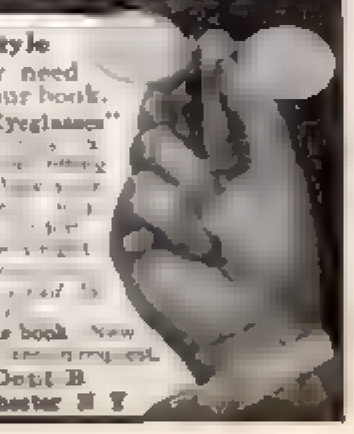

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Bay it was greeted with the strains of their national anthem—with that particular bar left out.

Here is another story of the secret police for which I can vouch, however, and which is interesting as showing that nothing is too trivial or minute to escape their attention. When William Jennings Bryan, during his recent tour of the globe, was leaving Syria for Constantinople, a zealous missionary, bidding him farewell, pressed into the hand of the Nebraskan a religious tract which was headed, Christ Came to Earth to Save All Sinners. Mr. Bryan placed the tract in the top of his trunk, and upon his arrival at Constantinople it was promptly confiscated by the police, together with all his other literature. A protest was made through the American Ambassador, and three days later his books and papers were returned uninjured. The tract alone had been tampered with, and that, by the clever use of red ink, had been made to read, Christ Came to Earth to Save All *CHRISTIAN* Sinners.

The Snooping Archæologist

The Russian bear has long had his eye on that strip of Asiatic Turkey which forms a highroad between Trebizond on the Black Sea and Alexandretta on the Mediterranean. Just at present it is a sort of highroad for Armenian refugees and political agitators, but one of these days, perhaps, the Bear will shamble down from the north and gather it in, just as he gathered in Georgia and the Caucasus and Turkestan, for he is in sad need of an outlet to a southern sea. Hence this disturbed area forms a field for the activities of Russian secret agents, who, under the guise of commercial travelers and merchants in search of foreign trade, or as bespectacled archæologists, steadily carry on their work of inciting discontent and even open rebellion among the Sultan's Armenian and Kurdish subjects. Every now and then you read in the newspapers of the atrocities committed by Kurdish bands on the defenseless Armenians, and, like some thousands of your fellow-citizens, you wax virtuously indignant and proclaim to the breakfast-table that Abdul Hamid ought to be wiped out. Pray do not imagine for an instant that these periodical outbursts of religious fanaticism, as they appear to be, are instigated by Abdul Hamid. Far from it. He is much too clever a diplomat thus to needlessly arouse the anger of the Christian Powers (he tried the experiment once in Constantinople in '98 and found it didn't pay), and when he protests his innocence of any complicity in them he is only speaking the truth. The real instigator of these anti-Christian demonstrations is itself a Christian Power, and the gold which it pays so liberally to certain bloodthirsty Kurdish chieftains for services rendered has on it a double eagle. One of these days, however, when the time is opportune and the stage is fully set, there will be one massacre too many, and Russia, in a burst of righteous wrath, will find herself obliged to "temporarily occupy" these troubled districts with her troops, that her co-religionists in Armenia may be saved from further Mohammedan persecution. I know the chief of the Russian spies who is carrying on the preliminary campaign in Western Asia. He is a very delightful and entertaining person indeed, with charming manners and a highly-cultivated taste for caviar and *vodka*. He used to pose as a dilettante archæologist and snooped diligently around all the ruins from Sidon to Lake Van, which gave him an excellent excuse for conversing with all sorts of queer people, but not, I fear, on archæological subjects. But one day a Russian grand duke came on a visit to Damascus, which is the headquarters of an army corps and is, in consequence, packed with Turkish spies, and the supposed archæologist thought wise to call on His Imperial Highness. All might have passed off well enough, but the grand duke was taken unaware, and before he realized what he was saying he had blurted out the real name of the archæologically-inclined gentleman—and it did not happen to be the name by which he was known in Turkey, where no one had ever dreamed of addressing so eminent a professor as Colonel—and all this in the presence of a group of quietly-observant Turkish officials. Though the Russian still remains in Turkey, his value as a secret agent has been nullified, for his real vocation was made known by a slip of a royal tongue,

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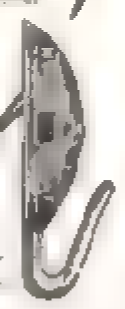

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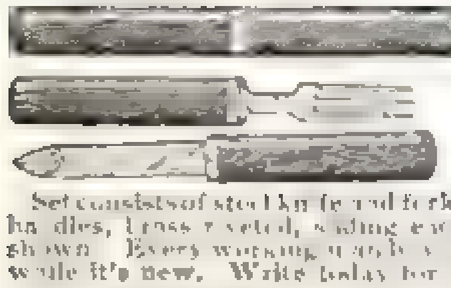

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and now, wherever he goes, he is himself tracked by spies.

No division of the international secret police is more devious in its ways than the mysterious Third Section, for the Muscovite combines the incisive reasoning of the European with the wily methods of the Oriental. Shortly after the atrocities at Kishinef the correspondent of one of the great British weeklies visited Russia for the purpose of obtaining a series of photographs of the disturbed districts and their inhabitants. Being a man of high personal standing and considerable literary fame, and bearing letters of introduction to many persons high in power, he was shown the most marked attentions, and the secret police, who invariably interfere with the movements of foreign journalists, placed no obstacles whatever in his way. To his own surprise he was given an absolutely free hand and allowed to photograph whatever he pleased. Three months he spent in the Tsar's dominions, traveling and photographing from Archangel to Odessa and to his heart's content. Then, laden with negatives which promised to increase his reputation and that of his journal, he started for home. But at the frontier he was stopped. The agents of the Third Section rifled his every box and bag. They even removed the films from his camera and opened the boxes of unexposed plates. Every photograph, every negative and every bit of writing on his person and in his luggage was seized. Then, and then only, was he permitted to proceed. The thousands of miles he had traveled and the hundreds of pictures he had taken had all gone for nought. Why? Ask the Russian secret police.

The activities of the secret police know no frontiers. In January, 1907, two Russian political fugitives, flying from the wrath to come, left Russia between two days and made their way to Egypt, where they hoped to find asylum under the shadow of the British flag. But these men were of more than ordinary importance to the Russian Government; they held secrets which must not be divulged, so the telegraph wires were kept hot between the Nevski Prospect and Downing Street and between Downing Street and the British agency in Cairo, the real seat of the Government of Egypt, and at last Lord Cromer gave his consent to the extradition of the fugitives, who, unaware of all this international furore, believed themselves safely hidden away in the labyrinth of Alexandria's native quarter. Then the long arm of that terrible Third Section, of which so much has been written but of which so little is known, reached out across those two thousand miles of land and water and plucked out those two miserable fugitives from their hiding-place in an Oriental bazar, and though an indignant mob smashed every window in the Russian consulate, and tore down the double eagle over the door, and though old Ibadi Pasha, the Governor, came to put it up again with apologies and a band of music and a battalion of soldiers, those two men were put aboard a Russian ship and went back to St. Petersburg in the hands of the secret police. To-day, if they are still alive, a letter, to reach them, would doubtless have to be marked Siberia.

Identification by Finger Prints

It seems to be a popular notion that the term Scotland Yard corresponds to what is called the detective bureau in New York. This is an erroneous impression. Scotland Yard is the headquarters, or central office, of the entire metropolitan police force of London, that division known as the criminal investigation department corresponding to our own detective bureau. Here is centralized the corps of picked men who devote themsleves exclusively to ferreting out serious crime, and whose name is a terror to evildoers over the face of the globe. The London police are under the command of Sir E. R. Henry, who, while Inspector-General of Police for the Lower Provinces of India, experimented with the system of finger impressions until he was convinced that, as compared with the Bertillon system of measurement, it was far superior as a means of identifying criminals. Sir Francis Galton has estimated that not one finger impression in sixty-four billion is likely to resemble any other, a finding which certainly shuts out the probability of confusing resemblances. In order to show me how quickly a set of impressions could be located in the general

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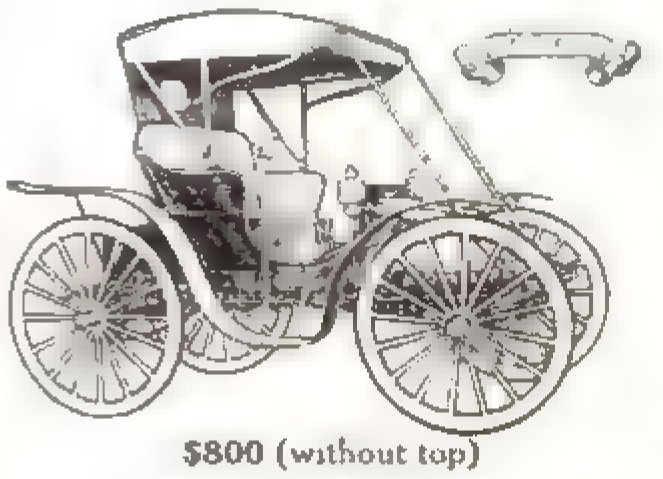
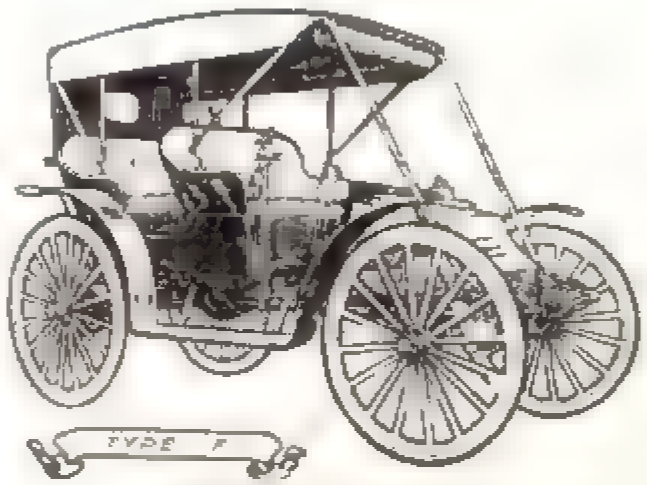


$800 (without top)



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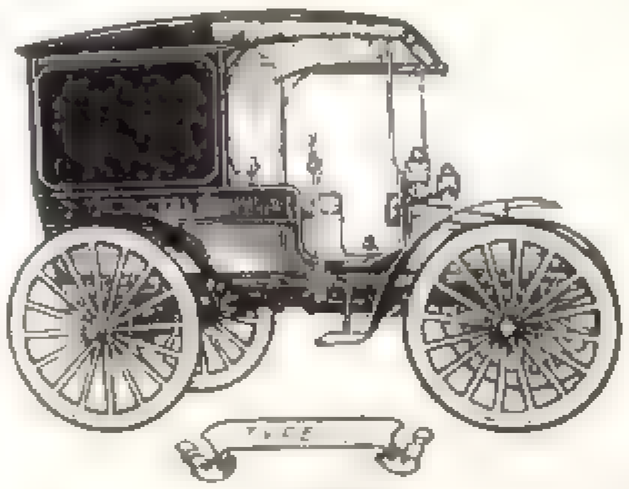

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Regardless of what one pays for a motor car, if the fundamental principles of the car are expensive to maintain, the cost per mile, as well as the depreciation, is abnormal. And this is true whether the car is constructed to humor expensive tastes, or to sell on the attractiveness of its price.

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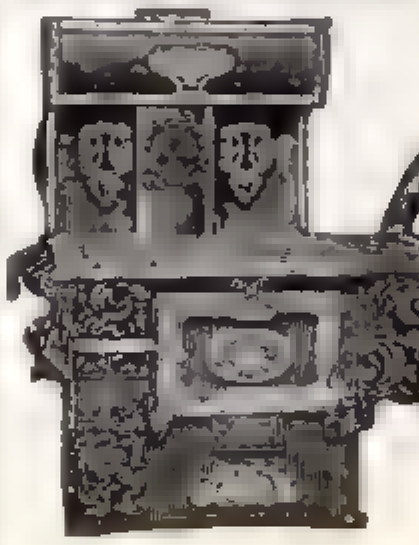

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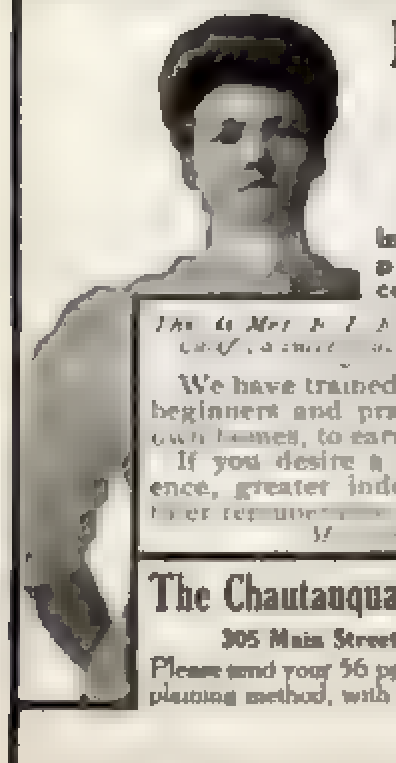

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file under this system, one of the detectives was sent out of the room and two sets of impressions were taken of my ten fingers. One set was placed in its file in the general collection, the man was recalled, handed the set which corresponded with that in the file, and told to find the duplicate. The detective produced it in less than two minutes.

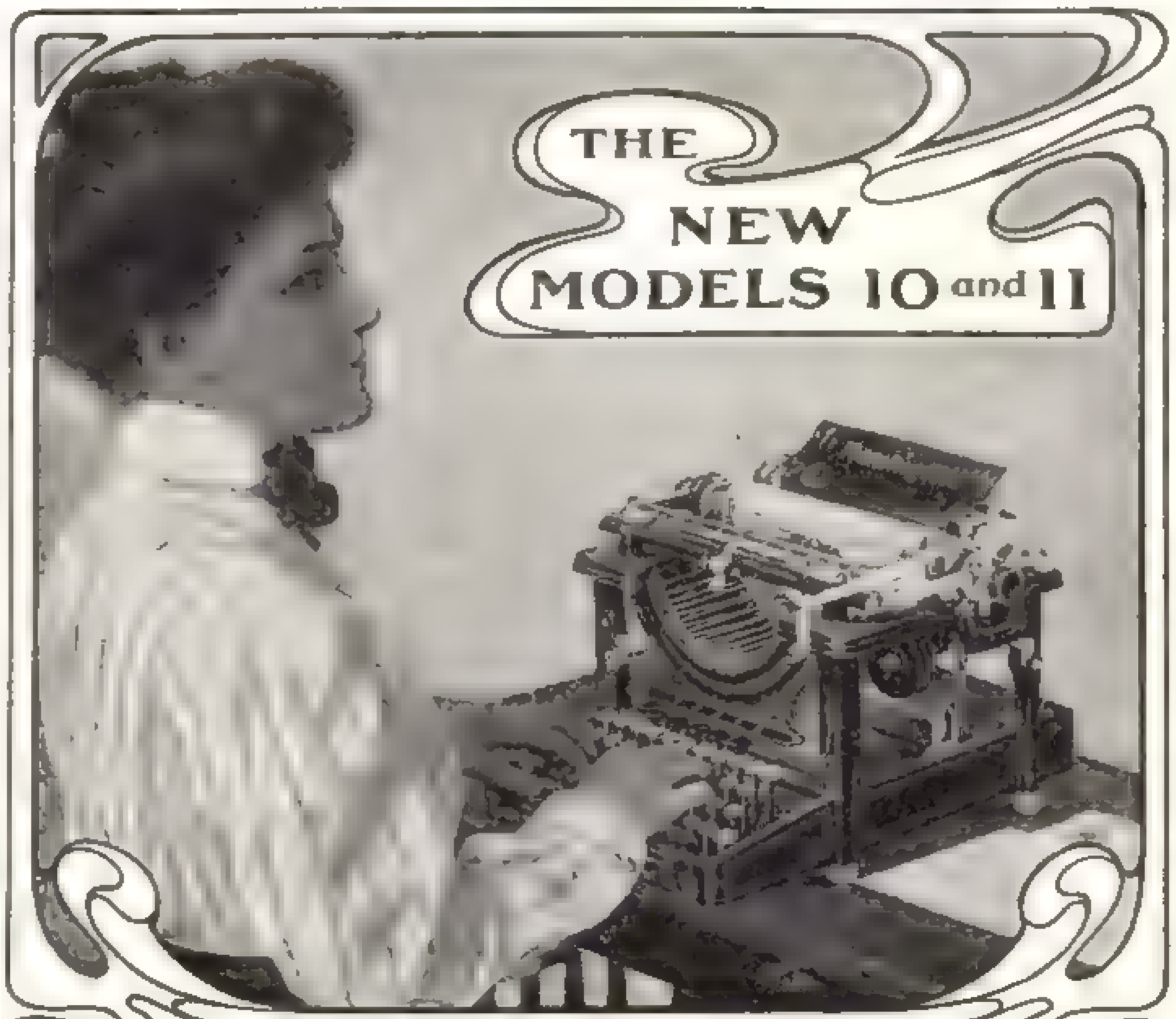
The methods employed by the British and French detectives are almost diametrically opposed. In England an arrested man is presumed to be innocent until he is proved guilty. "One moment," the English detective solemnly cautions the captured criminal; "remember that whatever you say will be used against you." If a murderer is caught red-handed over his victim he is held guiltless until the judge sentences him. In France no such assumption is made. There the uncomfortable belief prevails that every one who can be reasonably suspected of a crime is held to be guilty of that crime until his innocence is clearly proved. It must be admitted, of course, that innocent men have sometimes been punished, but this, as M. Hamard, of the Sûreté, will tell you, does not happen nearly so often as the public imagines, for in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred an innocent man can at once prove his innocence without the slightest bit of difficulty.

Our Own Secret Service

The title United States Secret Service applies to one branch of the Government only—a division in the office of the Secretary of the Treasury at Washington. It is practically an independent bureau, having jurisdiction in all the States and Territories of the Union. There are twenty-eight districts throughout the country, each of which is under the immediate supervision of an operative-in-charge, with as many assistants and sub-headquarters in each district as may be found necessary. There are other branches of the Federal Government doing work of a confidential nature—secret agents in the customs service, special agents in the Bureau of Internal Revenue, inspectors in the Post-Office Department; but none of these belong to the secret service proper. All information as to the number of men in the field, their names and official stations, is withheld by the administrative officers in the interests of efficiency, and in this respect the American Secret Service, though frequently ridiculed by police officials, is unique, less being known about its operations than any similar organization in the world.

While the primary function of the American Secret Service is the suppression of counterfeiting, the detection of land frauds and the like, it has been used for other purposes, to the distinct advantage of the Government. During the war with Spain it was employed to checkmate the operations of Spanish agents in the United States; it arrested a number of spies and brought about the expulsion from Canada of a former naval attaché of the Spanish Legation, who had established a base of operations across the Canadian frontier. At the time when the entire country, including the authorities at Washington and the officers of the army and navy, was guessing as to the whereabouts of Cervera's fleet, and later as to that of Camara, much wonder was expressed that the American Government had not in Europe an active secret service corps which would be able to furnish the information so badly needed at that critical time. Although, as the result of almost criminal folly on the part of the authorities, no such corps was in existence, we were not entirely unrepresented in the enemy's country during the war, for one American agent, a gentleman of brilliant educational attainments and high social standing, not only made a complete tour of the fortified coast towns and naval establishments in the Spanish peninsula, but was actually entertained and shown the military dispositions by General Weyler himself, the American spy having presented himself, on the strength of an altered passport, as a German physician traveling for pleasure. Three times was he discovered while making plans and photographs of fortifications, once he was actually captured in the act, and his sublime audacity in demanding the protection of the German consul, and the fact that his identity was vouched for by General Weyler himself, were all that saved him from a wall, a firing squad, and six feet of Spanish soil.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two papers on the world's secret police. The second will appear next week.



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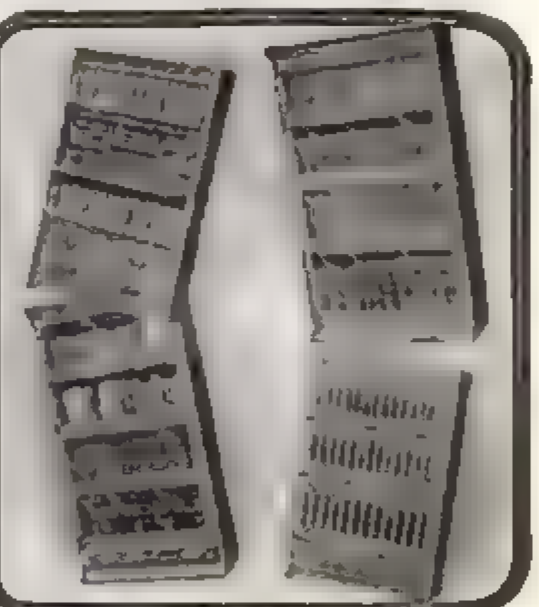

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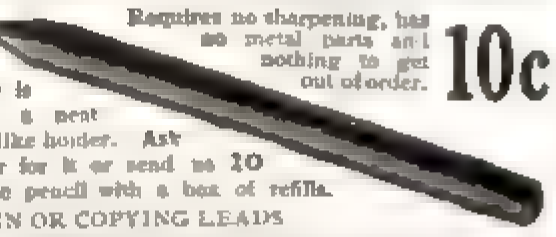

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THE SAGE OF LITTLE THUNDER

(Concluded from Page 9)

consid'able old, you know, and ef your knot shouldn't hold we——"

"Hold?" thundered Popsy. "It'll hold in Heaven or Hell, if so be you need it thar. Jine your right hands."

Before they could do so, however, a clatter of hoofs sounded outside, and an instant later three horsemen, breasting the dooryard weeds like waves, dashed up to the door. But before they could unsling their Winchesters Old Sal's wicked little eye stared unblinkingly into the foremost rider's face. An instant later her right flank was backed up by two .44 Colt's, which Tidd had whipped from his hips.

"Throw up yer hands!" yelped Popsy savagely; and the hands of the three astonished riders went up in unison. "You're jist in time, Splayfoot Yarrow. We need a couple of witnesses—though we war callatin' to git along without 'em—and you and ary one of them red-headed cut-throats with you'll do. Listen! Tidd Flitt, you take this hyer woman to be your lawful, wedded wife? Speak so the witnesses kin hyear."

"I do," answered Tidd firmly, from behind his pair of unwavering barrels.

"Tiony, you take this hyer man to be your lawful, wedded husbint, to love, cherish and obey? Speak up!"

"I do," answered the girl.

"Then I pernounce you man and wife. Whom God hath jined together let no man put asunder!"

There came a pause. It was the venerable officiator's custom to close the marriage ceremony with a word of prayer. But to pray meant to shut his eyes, and these still gleamed fiercely behind Old Sal's rear sight. After a moment's reflection, however, he did shut them. "Pertect 'em, God. Let nuther devil ner man, ner devil in the gyarb of man, hurt 'em er make 'em afraid. *Amen.*"

It was a briefer prayer than usual, and his eyes popped open on the Amen.

"'Light, Splay," he commanded, "and lay the shootin' irons of your crowd on the ground. Then you and that young buck on the chestnut come forerd and make your mark on the license. I don't reckon either on you kin write."

Splayfoot emitted a jocular curse.

He swung down from his horse, deposited his party's weapons on the ground, and advanced to the threshold. Tidd slipped his pistols back into their holsters as a matter of courtesy, and Popsy reluctantly lowered the hammer of Old Sal.

Yarrow shook hands with Tidd, saying graciously, "I'm pleased fer to git a son with sich nerve." Next he kissed his daughter. His voice was somewhat husky when he spoke. "You're Tidd's now. You'll look to him, 'stidder me, hereafter. But ef he abuses you kem back home ag'in."

"I'm a-comin' back often fer to visit you-all," answered the bride, with misty eyes. "And Tidd's a-comin', too."

"All right. Your mommy'll be glad to see yer. So'll I, fer that matter." He turned about. "Well, Pop, you seem real happy over this hyer little job. You skunt us, I'll admit. But you wouldn't if you hadn't been so Methuselar-old that we-uns clean fergot about yer bein' a knot-tier."

"Splay," returned Popsy with an impish grin, "I knowed marritin' Tiony to Tidd would be wuss'n settin' a pine blaze under your coat-tails. That's why I done it. But I must say you're actin' plumb nice and ladylike. Thar's *my* hand, though you seemed to overlook it in your congratulations. Take it er leave it, to suit yourse'f."

Splayfoot took it, with an ill-concealed spark of admiration in his bold, hazel eyes.

When the three Yarrows had ridden away, at their customary breakneck speed, and Tidd had brought out his pair of horses, he said:

"Popsy, air you good to saddle Top back to the grove, or shell I lead him fer you?"

"Boy, I begin saddlin' hosses sixty year afore you war born. Hyear that? And I'd be saddlin' one terday if Jep warn't too dog-gone stingy to keep a hoss fitten fer a feller to ride." He slipped into the saddle from the doorstep—a little stiffly, to be sure. "Now hand me up my gun."

Digging his heels into Top's ribs—in spite of, or, rather, because of Tidd's warning to go slow—he cantered down the road, his white hair streaming out behind, Old Sal nodding from the saddle-bow.

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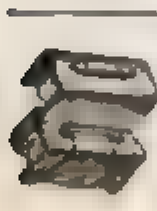

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THE KING OF DIAMONDS

(Continued from Page 13)

square inch, it becomes a diamond. And there's no theory about that—that's a fact! The difficulty has always been to apply the knowledge we have in a commercially practicable way—in other words, to isolate a carbon that is absolutely pure, and invent a method of applying the heat and pressure simultaneously. It has been done, Mr. Latham; *it has been done!* Don't you understand what it means to ——"

With an effort he repressed the returning excitement which found vent in a rising voice and quick, nervous gestures of the hands. After a moment he went on:

"Half a score of scientists have made diamonds, minute particles no larger than the point of a pin. Professor Henri Moissan, of Paris, went further, and by the use of an electric furnace produced diamonds as large as a pinhead. You may remember that when I first met Mr Wynne he inquired if I had not done some special work for Professor Moissan. I had; I tested the diamonds he made—*and they were diamonds!* I dare say the suggestion Mr. Wynne conveyed to me by that question—that is, the suggestion of manufactured diamonds—had been carefully planned, for he is a wonderful young man, Mr. Wynne—a wonderful young man." He paused a moment. "We know that he has millions and millions of dollars' worth of them—we know because we saw them—and who can tell how many billions more there are? The one man holds in his hand the power to overturn the money values of the earth!"

"But how do you know he makes them?" demanded Mr. Latham, returning to the main question.

"He suggested it by his question," Mr. Czenki went on. "That suggestion lingered in my mind. When the detective, Mr. Birnes, reported that Mr. Wynne was an importer of brown sugar I was on the point of advancing a theory then that the diamonds were manufactured, because of all known substances burnt brown sugar is richest in carbon But you, Mr. Latham, had discredited a previous suggestion of mine, and I—I—well, I didn't suggest it. Instead, that night I personally began an investigation to see what disposition was made of the sugar. I found that the ships discharged their cargoes in Hoboken, that the sugar was there loaded on barges, and those barges hauled up a small stream to the little town of Coaldale, all consigned to a Mr. Hugo Kellner.

"It took Friday, all day Saturday, and a great part of today to learn all this. This afternoon I went to see Mr. Kellner. I found him murdered." He stated it merely as an inconvenient incident. "In the room with the body were Mr. Birnes, Chief Arkwright of the New York police, and another New York detective. I had glanced at the story of Red Haney and the diamonds in the morning papers, and from what I knew, and from Mr. Birnes' presence, I surmised something of the truth. I was instantly placed under arrest for murder—the murder of this man I had never seen—the *real* diamond master, the man who achieved it all."

He was silent a moment, as if from infinite weariness.

" . . . Mr. Wynne came, and a Miss Kellner, granddaughter of the dead man. . . . He saw me, and understood . . . between us we contrived that I should be taken away as the murderer, and so prevent an immediate search of the house. . . . I made no denial. . . . I permitted myself to be taken . . . some mistake as to identity. . . . I proved an alibi by the shipping men in Hoboken . . . the diamonds are there, untold millions of dollars' worth of them . . . the diamond master is dead!"

Mr. Latham had been listening as if dazed to the hurried, somewhat disconnected, narrative; Mr. Schultze, keener to comprehend all that the story meant, was silent for a moment.

"Den if all dose men know all he has told us, Laadham," he remarked finally, "our diamonds are nod worth any more as potatoes, alretty."

"But they *don't* know," Mr. Czenki burst out fiercely. "Don't you understand? Haney, or somebody, killed Mr. Kellner and stole some uncut diamonds—you must have seen the newspaper account

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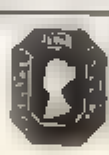

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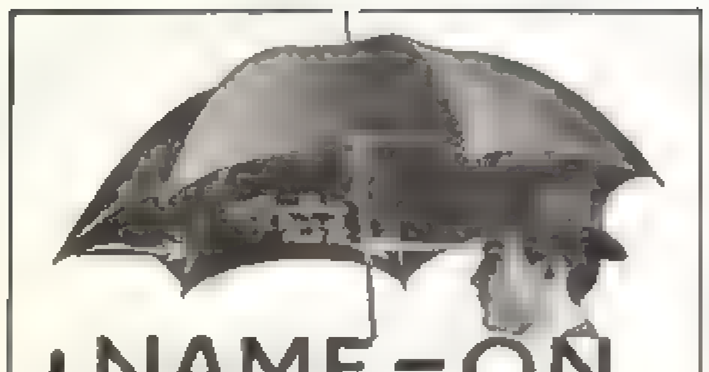

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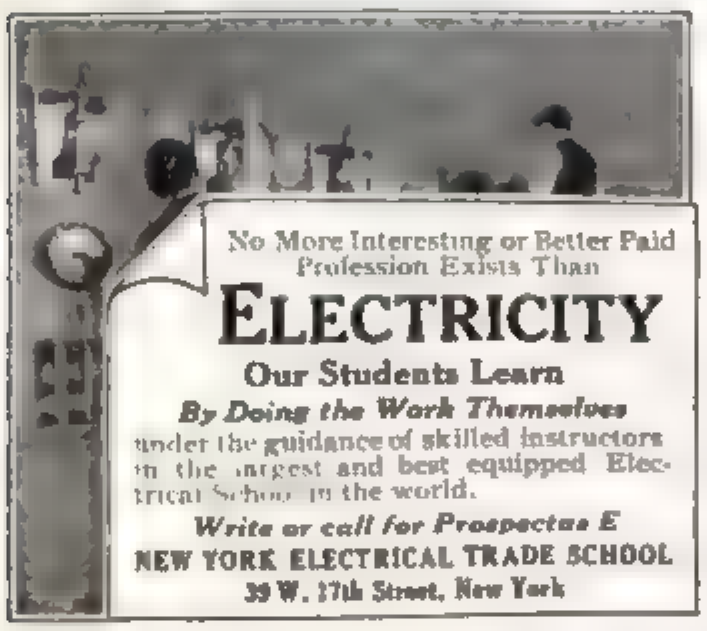

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of it today. The New York police traced Haney's course to Coaldale and to that house. But all *they* know is that sixty thousand dollars' worth of uncut stones were stolen. There was not even a suggestion to them of the millions and millions of dollars' worth that were manufactured. Don't you understand? I permitted myself to be accused and arrested, knowing I could establish an alibi, in order to lead them away from there and gain time, at least, to give Mr. Wynne an opportunity of hiding the other diamonds, if they were there. He understood what I was trying to do, and fell in with the plan. He knew that *I* knew the diamonds were made. Mr. Birnes doesn't know; *no* one knows but you and me and Mr. Wynne, and perhaps the girl! But, don't you see, if you don't accept the proposition he made the diamond market of the world is ruined? You are ruined!"

"But how do you know they are made?" insisted Mr. Latham doggedly. "You've never seen them made, have you?"

"*Mein Gott*, Laadham, how do you know when you haf der boil on der pack of your neck? You can'd zee him, ain'd id?" Mr. Schultze turned to Mr. Czenki. "Der dhree of us vill go und zee Mr. Vynne. Id iss der miracle! Vas iss, iss, und id don'd do any good to say id ain'd."

. . . .

A cube of solid, polished steel, some twenty feet square, set on a spreading base of concrete, and divided perpendicularly down the middle into Titanic halves, these being snugly fitted one to the other by a series of triangular corrugations, a variation of the familiar tongue and groove. Interlacing the ponderous mass, from corner to corner, were huge steel bolts, and the hulking heads of more bolts, some forty on each of the four sides, showed that the whole might be split into halves at will, and readily made whole again, one enormous side sliding back and forth on a short track.

In the two undivided faces of the cube, relatively squaring the center, were four borings somewhat smaller in diameter than an ordinary pencil, and extending through; and directly in the center was focused a network of insulated wires which dropped down out of the gloom overhead. In the other two sides of the great cube, just where the dividing lines of the halves came, were the funnel-like mouths of a two-inch boring. This, too, extended straight through.

Directly opposite each of the two mouths, a dozen feet away, was mounted a peculiarly-constructed heavy gun of the naval type. In a general sort of way these were not unlike twelve-inch ordnance, but the breech was much larger in proportion, the barrel longer, and the bore only two instead of twelve inches. The mountings were high, and the adjustment so delicate that, looking into the open breech of one gun, the bore through the twenty-foot cube and through the barrel of the gun on the other side seemed to be continuous.

"This is the diamond-making machine, gentlemen," said Mr. Wynne, and he indicated to Mr. Latham, Mr. Schultze and Mr. Czenki the cube and the two guns. "It is perfectly simple in construction, has enormous powers of resistance, as you may guess, and is as delicately fitted as a watch, being regulated by electric power. This cube is the solution of the high-pressure, high-temperature problem, which was only one of the many seemingly insuperable difficulties to be overcome. When the bolts are withdrawn one half slides back; when the bolts are in position it is as solid as if it were in one piece, and perfectly able to withstand a force greater than the ingenuity of man has ever before been able to contrive. This force is a combination of a heat one-half that of the sun on its surface, and a head-on impact of two one-hundred-pound projectiles fired less than forty feet apart with an enormous charge of cordite, and possessing an initial velocity greater than was ever recorded in gunnery.

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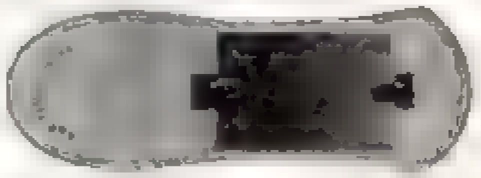

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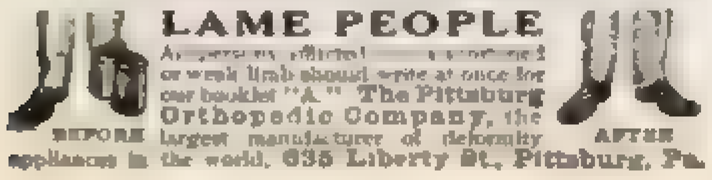

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cube from the sides, as you see, being brought here by a conduit along the riverbed from a large power-plant five miles away. Twenty-eight large wires are necessary to bring it; I own the power-plant, ostensibly for the operation of a small sugar refinery. I may add that the furnace is a variation of the principle employed by Professor Moissan, in Paris." He turned to Mr. Czenki. "You may remember having heard me mention him?"

"I remember," the expert acquiesced grimly.

"Now, pure carbon is vaporized, as you perhaps know, at a fraction less than five thousand degrees Fahrenheit," Mr. Wynne continued. "A carbon not merely chemically pure but *absolutely* pure, in highly compressed disks, is packed in the furnace, the furnace placed within the cube, the ends of the two-inch opening in the furnace being blocked to prevent expansion, the cube closed, the bolts fastened, and heat applied for several minutes—a heat, gentlemen, of five thousand two hundred and eighty degrees Fahrenheit. The heat of the sun is only about ten thousand degrees. And then the pressure of about seven thousand tons to the square inch is added by means of the two guns. In other words, gentlemen, pure carbon, vaporized, is caught between two projectiles which enter the cube simultaneously from opposite sides, being fired by electricity. The impact is so terrific that what had been two feet of compressed carbon is instantly condensed into an irregular disk, one inch or an inch and a half thick. *And that disk, gentlemen, is a diamond!*

"The violence of the operation, coupled with the intense heat, fuses everything—furnace, projectiles, electric wires, fire-brick, even asbestos, into a single mass. The cube is opened, and this mass, white-hot, is dropped into cold water. This increases the pressure until the mass is cool. Then it is broken away, and in the centre is a diamond—as big as a biscuit, gentlemen! Four small bores lead from the two-inch bore through the cube, and permit the escape of air as the projectiles enter. There is no rebound because the elastic quality of the carbon is crushed out of existence—driven, I may say, into the diamond itself. Of course the furnace, the two projectiles and the connecting electric wires are all destroyed at each charge, which brings the total cost of the operation to a little more than eight hundred dollars, including nearly three tons of brown sugar. The diamond resulting is worth at least a million when broken up for cutting, sometimes even two millions. That is all, I think."

There was a long, awed silence. Mr. Latham, leaning against the giant cube, stared thoughtfully at his toes; Mr. Schultze was peering curiously about him, thence off into the gloom; Mr. Czenki still had a question.

"I understand that all the diamonds were made in that disklike shape," he remarked at last. "Then the uncut stones that were stolen were ——"

"They were natural stones," interrupted Mr. Wynne, "imported for purposes of study and experiment. I told Chief Arkwright the truth, but not all of it. In the last twenty years Mr. Kellner had destroyed some twenty thousand dollars' worth of diamonds in this way. I may add that while Mr. Kellner had succeeded in making diamonds of large size he had never made a perfect one until eight years ago. But meanwhile the expenses of the work, as you will understand, were enormous, so during the past eight years about a million dollars' worth of diamonds have been sold, one or two at a time, to meet this expense."

He paused a moment, then resumed musingly:

"All this, you understand, is not the work of a day. Mr. Kellner was nearly eighty-one years old, and it was fifty-eight years ago that he began work here. The cubes there were made and placed in position thirty years ago; the guns have been there for fourteen years—so long, in fact, that recollection of them has passed from the minds of the men who made them. And, until four years ago, he was assisted by his son, Miss Kellner's father, and her brother. There was some explosion in this chamber where we stand which killed them both, and since then he has worked alone. His son—Miss Kellner's father—was the inventor of the machine which has enabled us to cut all the stones I showed you. I mailed the application for patent on this machine to Washington three days ago. It is as intricate as a linotype and delicate as a chronometer, but it does the work of fifty expert hand-cutters. Until patent papers are granted I must ask that I be allowed to protect that."

Mr. Latham turned upon him quickly.

"But you've explained this to us," he exclaimed sharply, indicating the cube and guns. "We *could* duplicate that if we liked."

"Yes, you could, Mr. Latham," replied Mr. Wynne slowly, "but you can't duplicate the brain that isolated absolutely pure carbon from the charred residue of brown sugar. That brain was Mr. Kellner's; the secret died with him!"

Again there was a long silence, broken at last by Mr. Schultze:

"Dat means no more diamonds can be made undil some one else can make der pure carbon, ain'd id? Yah! Und dat brings us down to der question, How many diamonds are made alretty?"

"The diamonds I showed you gentlemen were all that have been cut thus far," replied Mr. Wynne. "Less than twenty of the disks were used in making them. There are now some five hundred more of those disks in existence—roughly a billion dollars' worth—so you see I am prepared to hold you to my proposition that you buy one hundred million dollars' worth of them at one-half the carat price you now pay in the open market."

Mr. Latham passed one hand across a brow bedewed with perspiration, and stared helplessly at the German.

"The work of cutting could go on steadily here, under the direction of Mr. Czenki," Mr. Wynne resumed after a moment. "The secrecy of this place has not been violated for forty years. We are now one hundred and seventy feet below ground level, in a gallery of the abandoned coal mine which gave Coaldale its name, reached underground from the cellar in the cottage. Roofs and walls of the entire place are shored up to insure safety, and heavy felts make this chamber soundproof, smothering even the detonation of the guns. Mr. Czenki is the man to do the work. Mr. Kellner, for ten years, held him to be the first expert in the world, and it would be carrying out his wishes if Mr. Czenki would agree. If *he* does not *I* shall undertake it, *and flood the market!*" His voice hardened a little. "And, gentlemen, call off your detectives. The secret now is more yours than mine. It destroys *you* if it becomes known, not *me!* The New York police have turned this end of the investigation over to the local police, and they are fools; all the forms have been complied with, so this place is safe. Now call off your men! On the day the last diamond is delivered to you, and the payment of one hundred million dollars is completed, everything here will be destroyed. That's all!"

"One hundred million dollars!" repeated Mr. Latham. "Even if we accept the proposition, Schultze, how can we raise that enormous sum within a year, and preserve the secret?"

"Id ain'd a question of *can*, Laadham—id's a question of *musd*," was the reply. He thoughtfully regarded Mr. Wynne. "Id's only Sunday nighd, yed; we haf undil Thursday to answer, you remember." He turned to Mr. Latham, with a recurrence of whimsical philosophy. "Think of id, Laadham, der alchemisds tried for dhree thousand years to make a piece of gold so big as a needle-point und didn'd; und he made diamonds so big as your fist mit a liddle cordide und some elecdricity! *Mein Gott*, man! Think of id!"

The jewelers accepted Mr. Wynne's proposition. Mr. Wynne bowed his thanks, and handed to Mr. Czenki a scientific periodical opened at a page which bore a headline:

Newly Discovered Property of Radium.
Diamonds, Rubies, Emeralds and Sapphires Changed in Color by Exposure of One Month to Radium.

For the fourth time Red Haney underwent the "third degree." It culminated in a full confession of the murder of Mr. Kellner. There had been no accomplice.

"Yer see, Chief," he explained apologetically, "you an' that other guy" (meaning Mr. Birnes) "was so dead set on sayin' there was somebody else in it, an' was so ready wit' yer descriptions, that it looked good to me, an' I said 'Sure,' but *I* done it."

(THE END)

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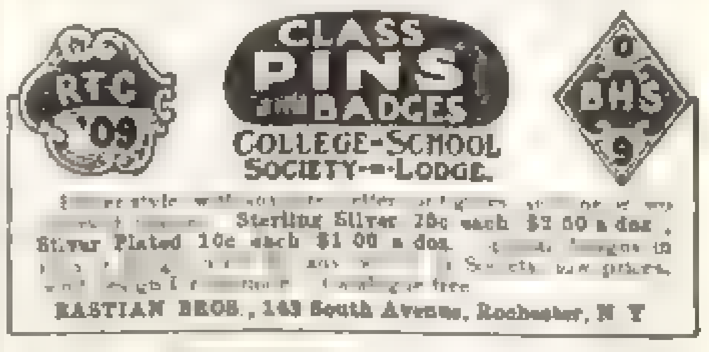

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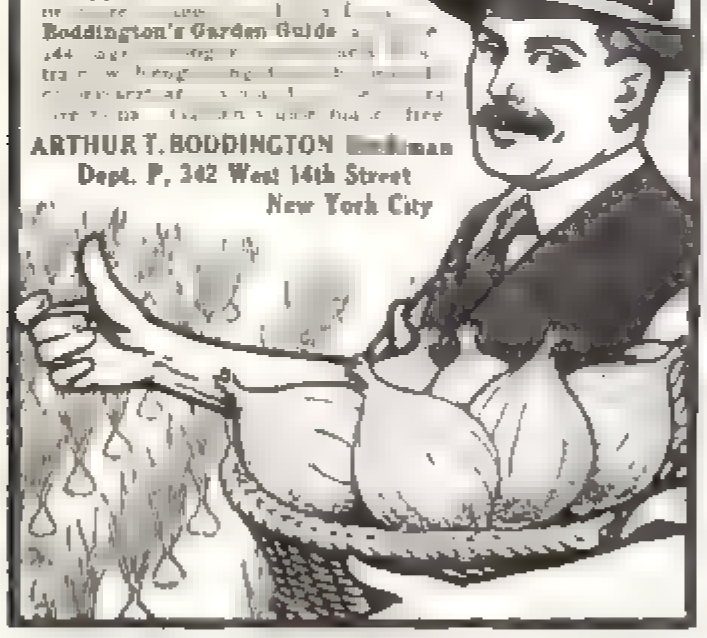

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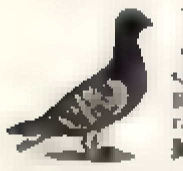

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THE REAL LEISURE CLASS

(Concluded from Page 11)

Dutch Republic or The English Poets Before Chaucer. But the London gentleman still buys and thinks of Tamocala with a thrill. It shows at least how Europe may be impressed by our leisure class and its activities.

But these impressions are, after all, but brilliant splotches of color in a quiet picture.

The pleasures of the leisure class are simple. If you are old—and many old men and women are among them—it will be almost enough to sit in the sun, to pick an orange occasionally from its own authentic stem, and, as spring advances and the breeze comes in southeast from all the islands of the Indies, to hear the choir of mocking-birds and redbirds tell how life is still good. A manatee in the river, a shark's fin seen in the surf, a big trout caught from the bridge, will all seem great events. A boat hauled out for repairs may occupy you half a day. An itinerant conjurer or a seven-man minstrel show will make the evening fairly hectic with pleasure. The leisure class is temperate and is glad to see the wave of Prohibition roll on. It rises early and with a clear head, to breakfast heavily on cereal foods. It sups early and is early to bed. It is healthy, not too wealthy, and who shall say that it is not wise?

It is old, too, or at least a great part of it. California and Florida are where the old people find retreat, and, preserved by the climate, live on indefinitely. There was a fête in honor of Ponce de Leon one spring in St. Augustine. The town was gay with flags and lanterns. It was crowded with tourists—with the leisure class—and all the shops displayed in their windows their brightest, most eye-arresting wares. It was indicative of a great deal, that the most fashionable hair-dressing establishment put behind its plate-glass front, adorned with flowers and ribbons, some dozens of white and gray "switches"! That would catch 'em. Here the old never say die. But think of the colors they would have been at Nice or Trouville!

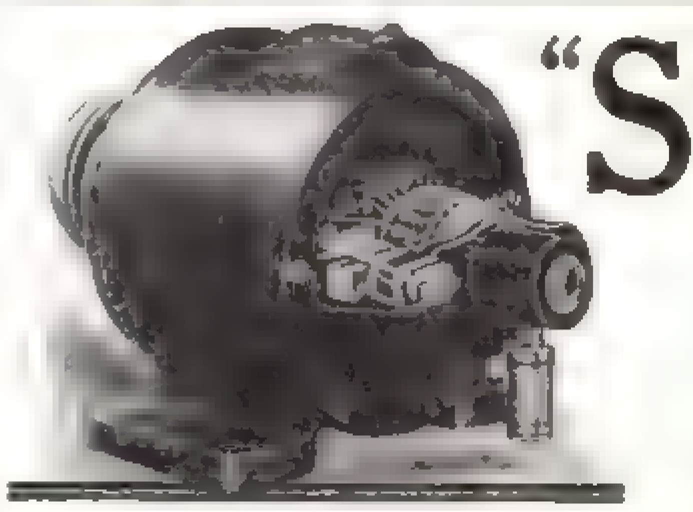
The leisure class goes North or comes back East. Alligator's teeth and tarpon's scales, and some oranges that mother herself picked from the tree, are part of their baggage, as well as souvenirs of atrocious Turkish art and handicraft, made in Germany and sold, as is suitable, by Armenians, the enemies of the Turk, in every summer and winter resort in the Occident. Contentment, too, perhaps, and renewed health may be part of their pleasant incumbrances.

Back in the North they fade to less prominence in the general picture of commercial activity, and the fact that one must go to the lands where winter is summer really to see them is perhaps significant of the class' own half-unconscious recognition of the fact that no part of their duty is to protest against labor, vaunt their own superiority, or even by the contrast of their presence to make any worker discontented with his lot.

They are themselves preëminently of the class who believe America's rôle in the world has been, and still is, to perfect industrialism.

And here, like the leisure classes of older countries, they are likely to act like a balance-wheel. They are not open to the inroads of socialism. Socialism and the new creeds flourish everywhere. The new light burns in the crowded slums, or in palaces in Fifth Avenue where lovely ladies play at reform and philosophy as they did at Versailles before the French Revolution. The leisure class has not much "truck" with new ideas—perhaps, indeed, not with ideas at all. For it only reads moderately the magazines and a few novels. It is doing very little to bring in any Old-World air of cultivation. It idles simply, not elegantly. But we will pass over its faults. Its service is to be a tranquil oasis in a roaring desert, also a kind of a symbol that we are still a democracy with ideals of simplicity and frugality, and as well a welcome signpost pointing the way to where we all, as we grow older, may sit a little apart from the clatter and grow old pleasantly, and as Americans.

New functions for a leisure class, you may say; well, this America of ours is still a new country.



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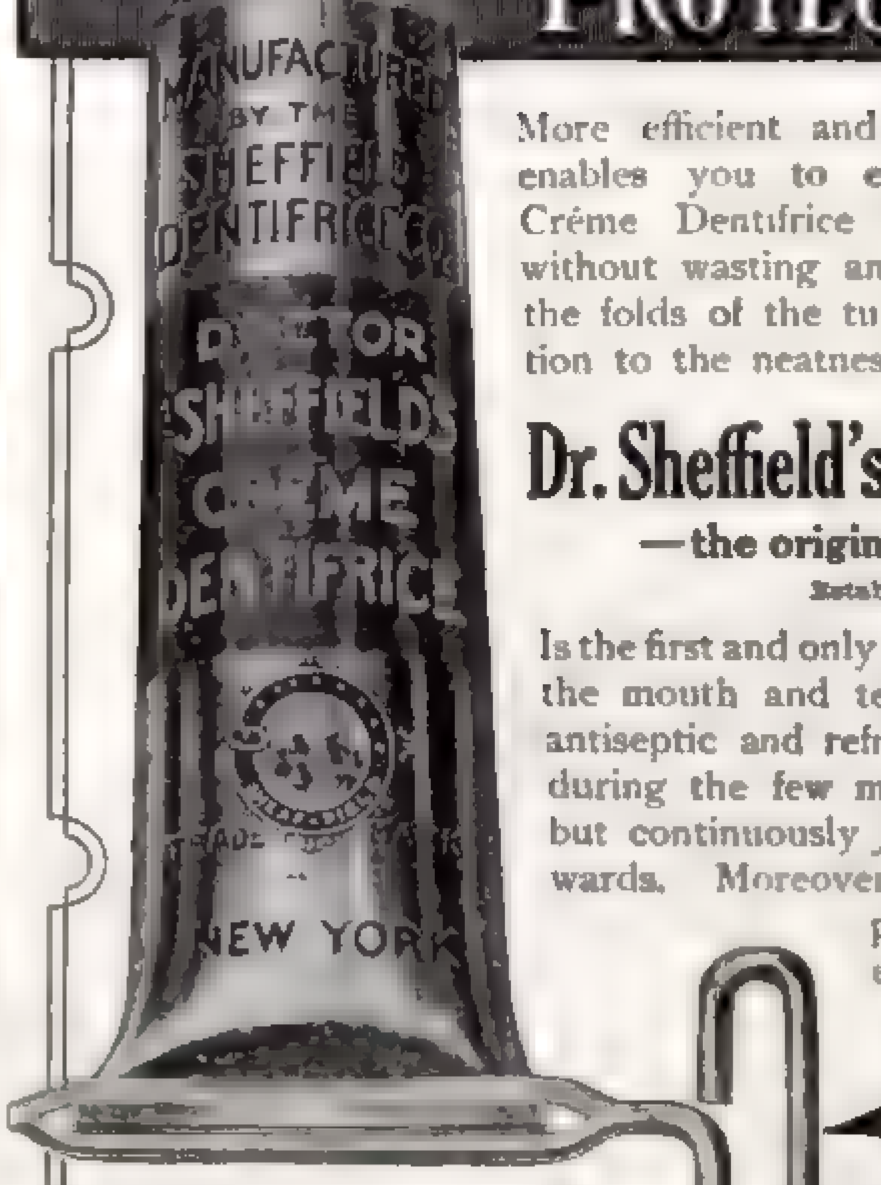
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DRUSILLA AND PA-PAH

(Continued from Page 7)

A damp chill gathered on the brow of Bushwyck Carr. He *did* feel a trifle queer. A curious lightness—a perfectly inexplicable buoyancy seemed to possess him. He was beginning to feel strangely youthful; the sound of his own heart suddenly became apparent. To his alarm it was beating playfully, skittishly. No—it was not even beating; it was skipping.

"Y-Yates," he stammered, "you don't think that I could p-possibly have become inadvertently mixed up with that horrible machine—do you?"

Now Yates was a generous youth; resentment at the treatment meted out to him by this florid, bad-tempered and pompous gentleman changed to instinctive sympathy when he suddenly realized the plight his future father-in-law might now be in.

"Yates," repeated Mr. Carr in an agitated voice, "*tell* me honestly: *do* you think there is anything unusual the matter with me? I—I seem to f-feel unusually—young. Do I look it? Have I changed? W-watch me while I walk across the room."

Mr. Carr arose with a frightened glance at Yates, put on his hat, and fairly pranced across the room. "Great Heavens!" he faltered; "my hat's on one side and my walk is distinctly jaunty! Do you notice it, Yates?"

"I'm afraid I do, Mr. Carr."

"This—this is infamous!" gasped Mr. Carr. "This is—is outrageous! I'm forty-five! I'm a widower! I detest a jaunty widower! I don't want to be one; I don't want to ——"

Yates gazed at him with deep concern.

"Can't you help lifting your legs that way when you walk—as though a band were playing? Wait, I'll straighten your hat. Now try it again."

Mr. Carr pranced back across the room.

"I *know* I'm doing it again," he groaned, "but I can't help it! I—I feel so gay—dammit!—so frivolous—it's—it's that infernal machine. W-what am I to do, Yates," he added piteously, "when the world looks so good to me?"

"Think of your family!" urged Yates. "Think of—of Drusilla."

"Do you know," observed Carr, twirling his eyeglass and twisting his mustache, "that I'm beginning not to care what my family think! . . . Isn't it amazing, Yates? I—I seem to be somebody else, several years younger. Somewhere," he added, with a flourish of his monocle—"Somewhere on earth there is a little birdie waiting for me."

"Don't talk that way!" exclaimed Yates, horrified.

"Yes, I will, young man. I repeat, with optimism and emphasis, that *somewhere* there is a birdie ——"

"Mr. Carr!"

"Yes, merry old Top!"

"May I use your telephone?"

"I don't care what you do!" said Carr gayly. "Use my telephone if you like; pull it out by the roots and throw it over Cooper's Bluff, for all I care! But" and a sudden glimmer of reason seemed to come over him—"if you have one grain of human decency left in you, you won't drag me and my terrible plight into that scurrilous New York paper of yours."

"No," said Yates, "I won't. And that ends my career on Park Row. I'm going to telephone my resignation."

Mr. Carr gazed calmly around and twisted his mustache with a satisfied and retrospective smile.

"That's very decent of you, Yates; you must pardon me; I was naturally half scared to death at first; but I realize you are acting very handsomely in this horrible dilemma——"

"Naturally," interrupted Yates. "I must stand by the family into which I am, as you know, destined to marry."

"To be sure," nodded Carr absently; "it really looks that way, doesn't it! And, Yates, you have no idea how I hated you an hour ago."

"Yes, I have," said Yates.

"No, you really have not, if you will permit me to contradict you, merry old Top. I—but never mind now. You have behaved in an unusually considerate manner. Who the devil are you, anyway?"

Yates informed him modestly.

"Well, why didn't you say so, instead of letting me bully you! I've known your father for twenty years. Why didn't you tell me you wanted to marry Drusilla, instead of coming and blushing all over the premises? I'd have told you she was too young; and she is! I'd have told you to wait; and you'd have waited. You'd have been civil enough to wait when I explained to you that I've already lost, by marriage, two daughters through that accursed machine. You wouldn't entirely denude me of daughters, would you?"

"I only want one," said John Yates simply.

"Well, all right; I'm a decent father-in-law when I've got to be. I'm really a good sport. You may ask all my sons-in-law; they'll admit it." He scrutinized the young man and found him decidedly agreeable to look at, and at the same time a vague realization of his own predicament returned for a moment.

"Yates," he said unsteadily, "all I ask of you is to keep this terrible n-news from my innocent d-daughters until I can f-find out what sort of a person is f-fated to lead me to the altar!"

Yates took the offered hand with genuine emotion.

"Surely," he said, "your unknown intended must be some charming leader in the social activities of the great metropolis."

"Who knows! She may be m-my own l-laundress for all I know. She may be anything, Yates! She—she might even be b-black!"

"Black!"

Mr. Carr nodded, shuddered, dashed the unmanly moisture from his eyeglass.

"I think I'd better go to town and tell my son-in-law, William Destyn, exactly what has happened to me," he said. "And I think I'll go through the kitchen-garden and take my power-boat so that those devilish reporters can't follow me. Ferdinand!" to the man at the door, "ring up the garage and order the blue motor, and tell those newspaper men I'm going to town. That, I think, will glue them to the lawn for a while."

"About—Drusilla, sir?" ventured Yates; but Mr. Carr was already gone, speeding noiselessly out the back way, through the kitchen-garden, and across the great tree-shaded lawn which led down to the boat-landing.

Across the distant hedge, from the beautiful grounds of his next-door neighbor, floated sounds of mirth and music. Gay flags fluttered among the trees. The Magnelius Grandcourts were evidently preparing for the brilliant charity bazar to be held there that afternoon and evening.

"To think," muttered Carr, "that only an hour ago I was agreeably and comfortably prepared to pass the entire afternoon there with my daughters, amid innocent revelry. And now I'm in flight—pursued by furies of my own invoking—threatened with love in its most hideous form—matrimony! Any woman I now look upon may be my intended bride for all I know," he continued, turning into the semi-private driveway, bordered heavily by lilacs; "and the curious thing about it is that I really don't care; in fact, the excitement is mildly pleasing."

He halted; in the driveway, blocking it, stood a red motor-car—a little runabout affair; and at the steering-wheel sat a woman—a lady's maid by her cap and narrow apron, and an exceedingly pretty one, at that.

When she saw Mr. Carr she looked up, showing an edge of white teeth in the most unembarrassed of smiles. She certainly was an unusually agreeable-looking girl.

"Has something gone wrong with your motor?" inquired Mr. Carr pleasantly.

"I am afraid so." She didn't say "sir"; probably because she was too pretty to bother about such incidentals. And she looked at Carr and smiled, as though he were particularly ornamental.

"Let me see," began Mr. Carr, laying his hand on the steering-wheel; "perhaps I can make it go."

"It won't go," she said, a trifle despondently and shaking her charming head. "I've been here nearly half an hour waiting for it to do something; but it won't."

Mr. Carr peered wisely into the acetylenes, looked carefully under the hood, examined the upholstery. He didn't know anything about motors.

"I'm afraid," he said sadly, "that there's something wrong with the magne-e-to!"

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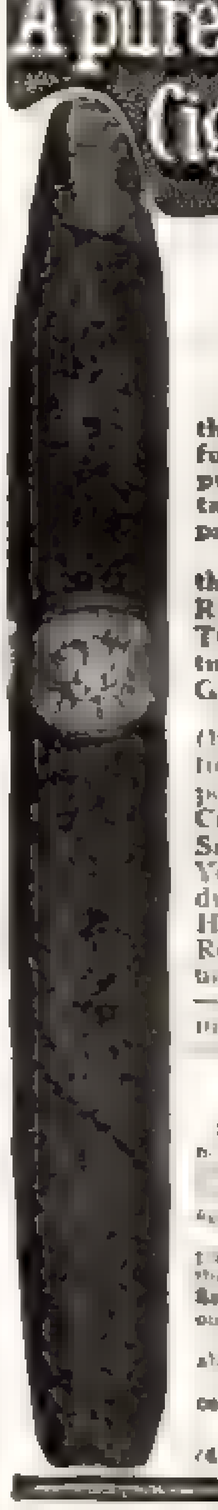

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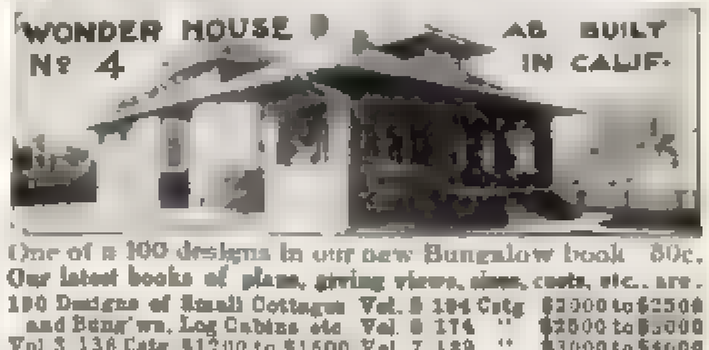

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"Do you think it is as bad as that?"

"I fear so," he said gravely. "If I were you I'd get out—and keep well away from that machine."

"Why?" she asked nervously, stepping to the grass beside him.

"It *might* blow up."

They backed away rather hastily, side by side. After a while they backed farther away, hand in hand.

"I—I hate to leave it there all alone," said the maid, when they had backed completely out of sight of the car. "If there were only some safe place where I could watch and see if it is going to explode."

They ventured back a little way and peeped at the motor.

"You could take a rowboat and watch it from the water," said Mr. Carr.

"But I don't know how to row."

Mr. Carr looked at her. Certainly she was the most prepossessing specimen of wholesome, rose-cheeked and ivory-skinned womanhood that he had ever beheld; a trifle nearer thirty-five than twenty-five, he thought, but so sweet and fresh and with such charming eyes and manners.

"I have," said Mr. Carr, "several hours at my disposal before I go to town on important business. If you like I will row you out in one of my boats, and then, from a safe distance, we can sit and watch your motor blow up. Shall we?"

"It is most kind of you ——"

"Not at all. It would be most kind of *you.*"

She looked sideways at the motor, sideways at the water, sideways at Mr. Carr.

It was a very lovely morning in early June. I think I have already remarked this.

As Mr. Carr handed her into the rowboat with ceremony she swept him a courtesy. Her apron and manners were charmingly incongruous.

When she was gracefully seated in the stern Mr. Carr turned for a moment, stared all Oyster Bay calmly in the face through his monocle, then, untying the painter, fairly skipped into the boat with a step distinctly frolicsome.

"It's curious how I feel about this," he observed, digging both oars into the water.

"*How* do you feel, Mr. Carr?"

"Like a bird," he said softly.

And the boat moved off gently through the sparkling waters of Oyster Bay.

At that same moment, also, the sparkling waters of Oyster Bay were gently caressing the classic contours of Cooper's Bluff, and upon that monumental headland, seated under sketching umbrellas, Flavilla and Drusilla worked, in a puddle of water-colors; and John Chillingham Yates, in becoming white flannels and lilac tie and hosiery, lay on the sod and looked at Drusilla.

Silence, delicately accented by the faint harmony of mosquitoes, brooded over Cooper's Bluff.

"There's no use," said Drusilla at last; "one can draw a landscape from every point of view except looking *down* hill. Mr. Yates, how on earth am I to sit here and make a drawing looking down hill?"

"Perhaps," he said, "I had better hold your pencil again. Shall I?"

"Do you think that would help?"

"I think it helps—somehow."

Her pretty, narrow hand held the pencil; his sun-browned hand closed over it. She looked at the pad on her knees.

After a while she said: "I think, perhaps, we had better draw. Don't you?"

They made a few hen-tracks. Noticing his shoulder was just touching hers, and feeling a trifle weary on her camp-stool, she leaned back a little.

"It is very pleasant to have you here," she said dreamily.

"It is very heavenly to be here," he said.

"How generous you are to give us so much of your time," murmured Drusilla.

"I think so, too," said Flavilla, washing a badger brush. "And I am becoming almost as fond of you as Drusilla is."

"Don't you like him as well as I do?" asked Drusilla.

Flavilla turned on her camp-stool and inspected them both.

"Not quite as well," she said frankly. "You know, Drusilla, you are very nearly in love with him." And she resumed her sketching.

Drusilla gazed at the purple horizon unembarrassed. "Am I?" she said absently.

Your Complexion
Does It Need a "Cold Cream" or a Massage Cream?

Today one doesn't have to argue the necessity of using *some* face cream. Well-groomed people confess the necessity of *some* face cream for preserving *skin health* just as they confess the necessity of umbrellas or rubbers or raincoats for preserving *general health*.

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"Cold" or "grease" creams have their uses, but are not sufficient for the face any more than one kind of food is sufficient for the stomach, or one kind of medicine to cure any disease. Use cold or grease creams, if you will—there are *hundreds* of brands. But *no matter how many you use* you should always have a place on your dresser for a massage cream, and there is *only one with a national reputation*, namely, POMPEIAN MASSAGE CREAM.

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The pores *must* be cleansed before the *rosy* blood can get the circulation it seeks. When you massage with Pompeian Massage Cream you'll be astonished at the results.

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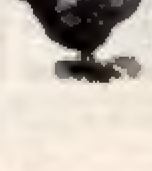

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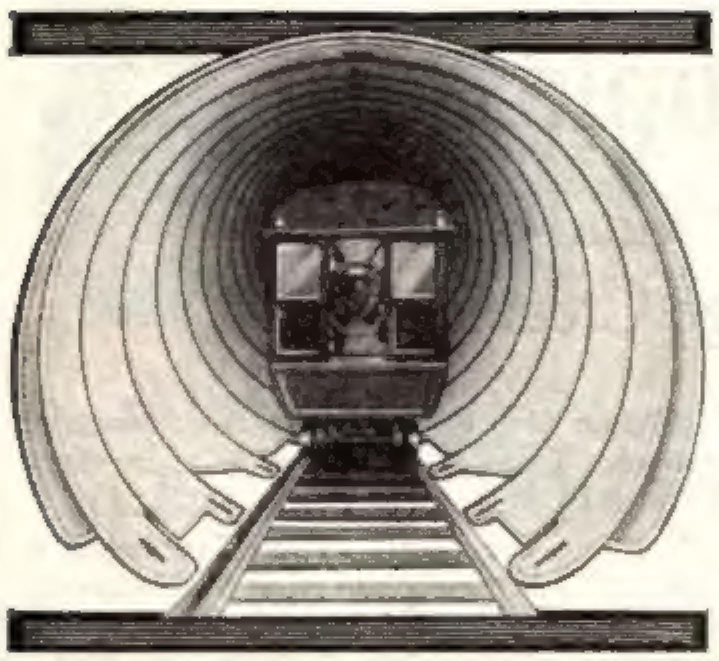

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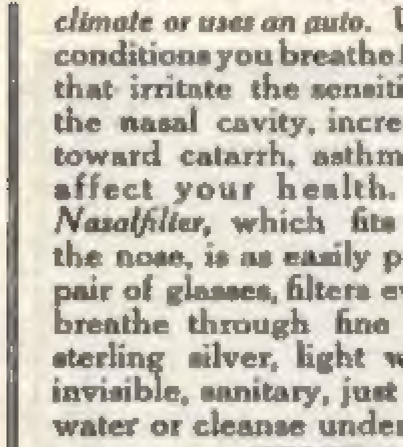

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"Are you?" he repeated, close to her shoulder.

She turned and looked into his suntanned face curiously.

"What is it—to love? Is it"—she looked at him undisturbed—"Is it to be quite happy and lazy with a man like you?"

He was silent.

"I thought," she continued, "that there would be some hesitation, some shyness about it—some embarrassment. But there has been none between you and me."

He said nothing.

She went on absently:

"You said, the other day, very simply, that you cared a great deal for me; and I was not very much surprised. And I said that I cared very much for you. . . . And, by the way, I meant to ask you yesterday; are we engaged?"

"Are we?" he asked.

"Yes—if you wish. . . . Is *that* all there is to an engagement?"

"There's a ring," observed Flavilla, dabbing on too much ultramarine and using a sponge. "You've got to get her one, Mr. Yates."

Drusilla looked at the man beside her and smiled.

"How simple it is, after all," she said. "I have read in the books Pa-pah permits us to read such odd things about love and lovers. . . . Are we lovers, Mr. Yates? But, of course, we must be, I fancy."

"Yes," he said.

"Some time or other, when it is convenient," observed Flavilla, "you ought to kiss occasionally."

"That doesn't come until I'm a bride, does it?" asked Drusilla.

"I believe it's a matter of taste," said Flavilla, rising and naively stretching her long, pretty limbs.

She stood a moment on the edge of the bluff, looking down.

"How curious!" she said after a moment. "There is Pa-pah on the water rowing somebody's maid about."

"What!" exclaimed Yates, springing to his feet.

"How extraordinary," said Drusilla, following him to the edge of the bluff; "and they're singing, too, as they row!"

From far below, wafted across the sparkling waters of Oyster Bay, Mr. Carr's rich and mellifluous voice was wafted shoreward:

"I der-reamt that I dwelt in ma-arble h-a-l-ls."

The sunlight fell on the maid's coquettish cap and apron, and sparkled upon the buckle of one dainty shoe. It also glittered across the monocle of Mr. Carr.

"Pa-*pah!*" cried Flavilla.

Far away her parent waved a careless greeting to his offspring, then resumed his oars and his song.

"How extraordinary!" said Flavilla. "Why do you suppose that Pa-*pah* is rowing somebody's maid around the bay, and singing that way to her?"

"Perhaps it's one of our maids," said Drusilla; "but that would be rather odd, too, wouldn't it, Mr. Yates?"

"A—little," he admitted. And his heart sank.

Flavilla had started down the sandy face of the bluff.

"I'm going to see whose maid it is," she called back.

Drusilla seated herself in the sun-dried grass and watched her sister.

Yates stood beside her in bitter dejection.

So *this* was the result! His unfortunate future father-in-law was done for. What a diabolical machine! What a terrible, swift, relentless answer had been returned when, out of space, this misguided gentleman had, by mistake, summoned his own affinity! And *what* an affinity! A saucy soubrette who might easily have just stepped in the *coulisse* of a Parisian theater!

Yates looked at Drusilla. What an awful blow was impending. She never could have suspected it, but there, in that boat, sat her future stepmother in cap and apron!—his own future stepmother-in-law!

And in the misery of that moment's realization John Chillingham Yates showed the material of which he was constructed.

"Dear," he said gently.

"Do you mean me?" asked Drusilla, looking up in frank surprise.

And at the same time she saw on his face a look which she had never before encountered there. It was the shadow of trouble; and it drew her to her feet instinctively.

"What is it, Jack?" she asked.

She had never before called him anything but Mr. Yates.

"What is it?" she repeated, turning away beside him along the leafy path; and with every word another year seemed, somehow, to be added to her youth. "Has anything happened, Jack? Are you unhappy—or ill?"

He did not speak; she walked beside him, regarding him with wistful eyes.

So there was more of love than happiness, after all; she began to half understand it in a vague way as she watched his somber face. There certainly was more of love than a mere lazy happiness; there was solicitude and warm concern, and desire to comfort, to protect.

"Jack," she said tremulously.

He turned and took her unresisting hands. A quick thrill shot through her. Yes, there *was* more to love than she had expected.

"Are you unhappy?" she asked. "Tell me. I can't bear to see you this way. I—I never did—before."

"Will you love me, Drusilla?"

"Yes—yes, I will, Jack."

"Dearly?"

"I do—dearly." The first blush that ever tinted her cheek spread and deepened.

"Will you marry me, Drusilla?"

"Yes. . . . You frighten me."

She trembled, suddenly, in his arms. Surely there were more things to love than she had dreamed of in her philosophy. She looked up as he bent nearer, understanding that she was to be kissed, awaiting the event which suddenly loomed up freighted with terrific significance.

There was a silence, a sob.

"Jack—darling—I—I love you so!"

. . . .

Flavilla was sketching on her campstool when they returned.

"I'm horridly hungry," she said. "It's luncheon time, isn't it? And, by the way, it's all right about that maid. She was on her way to serve in the tea-pavillion at Mrs. Magnelius Grandcourt's bazar, and her runabout broke down and nearly blew up."

"What on earth are you talking about?" exclaimed Drusilla.

"I'm talking about Mrs. Magnelius Grandcourt's younger sister from Philadelphia, who looks perfectly sweet as a lady's-maid. Tea," she added, "is to be a dollar a cup, and three if you take sugar. And," she continued, "if you and I are to sell flowers there this afternoon we'd better go home and dress. . . . *What* are you smiling at, Mr. Yates?"

Drusilla naturally supposed she could answer that question.

"Dearest little sister," she said shyly and tenderly, "we have something very wonderful to tell you."

"What is it?" asked Flavilla.

"We—we are—engaged," whispered Drusilla, radiant.

"Why, I knew that already!" said Flavilla.

"Did you?" sighed her sister, turning to look at her tall, young lover. "I didn't. . . . Being in love is a much more complicated matter than you and I imagined, Flavilla. Is it not, Jack?"

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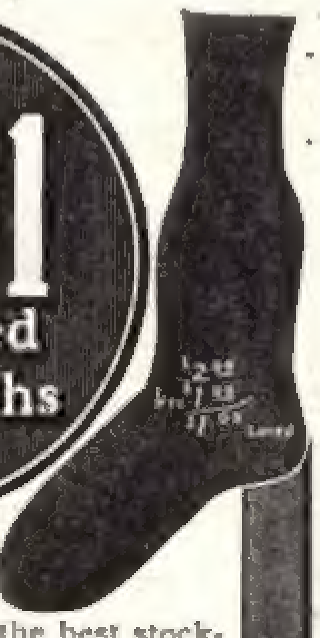

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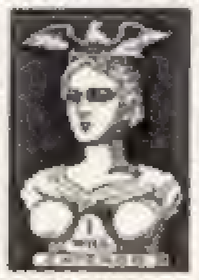

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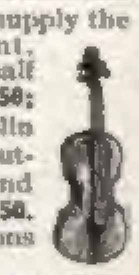

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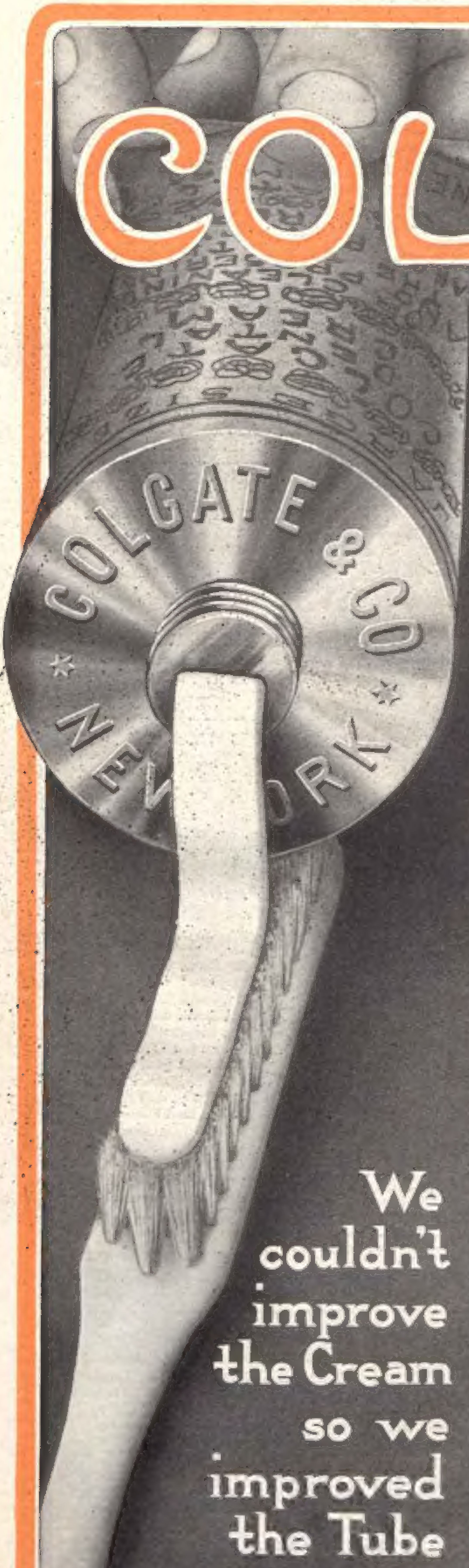
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